McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIV | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1907. | NO. 6

State Library Harrisburg

REDFIELD-LARNED NUPTIALS.

Mr. Scott Forrest Redfield and Miss Caroline Larned Wedded.

CEREMONY OCCURRED AT SYRACUSE

At the Home of the Bride's Parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson Larned—Many Smethport People in Attendance—Will Reside in New York—Pre-Wedding Functions.

An unusual society event occurred at Syracuse, N. Y., last evening when Rev. J. H. McCandless, rector of St. Luke's church of Smethport, spoke the words which united in the bonds of matrimony Mr. Scott Forrest Redfield of Smethport and Miss Caroline Larned of Syracuse. The ceremony took place at 8 o'clock in the evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson Larned, in the presence of a large number of invited guests, including several from this place.

The bride was beautifully attired and was attended by Miss Dunnels of Syracuse, as maid of honor, gowned in pale yellow; Miss Marvin, Miss Edna Marvin, Troy, N. Y., white radium silk over white with girdle, Miss Mabee, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Miss Schmidt, Detroit, Mich., Miss Haberle and Miss Schaffer of Syracuse, as maids. The last four named were becoming gowns of white radium silk over white. Robert Craig Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., was best man, and the ushers were Messrs Donald Grant, William Rust Pierce, William Marsh Butler of Syracuse, J. Lawrence Morrison of Smethport, Jerome Newman of Buffalo, N. Y., and Oliver Chapin of New York City.

Following the beautiful and impressive Episcopal ring ceremony a sumptuous wedding luncheon was served after which Mr. and Mrs. Redfield departed, amid a shower of rice and well wishes for an extended honeymoon trip and upon their return will go to New York City, their future home.

Both the contracting parties are prominent in the social life of the towns in which they have lived. The bride is beautiful and admired by her acquaintances for her many attainments. The groom is the younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Redfield, and a grandson of Hon. B. D. Hamlin. He has been a Smethport resident nearly his entire life and he is deservedly popular and esteemed by all. Mr. and Mrs. Redfield have the best wishes of the MINER, together with the community, for a long and joyous wedded life.

Among the out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hamlin, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, Miss Camp, Miss Young, Rev. J. H. McCandless, H. S. Rubin, Geoffrey Mayo, Smethport, Pa., Col. M. M. Gillette, Newark, Ohio, Paul D. Hamlin, Chicago, and Miss Pauline Ruprecht, Batavia.

PRE-WEDDING FUNCTIONS.

The following are some of the social events held in Syracuse previous to the wedding:

Scott Forrest Redfield's bachelor dinner was given Saturday, February 2nd, at the Century Club. Eighteen were present. Miss Larned gave a dinner to the bridesmaids at the same time.

Miss Haberle gave a dinner to the bridal party Sunday evening. Covers were laid for twenty-two. The decorations were white, the center of the table being a mammoth bank of white carnations.

Miss Shaffer gave a dinner to the bridal party Monday evening, at which covers were laid for twenty. The color effect was yellow. After the dinner small boxes of confetti were passed to the guests and as all arose from the table the bride and groom were showered with the confetti.

Tuesday evening an exceptionally beautiful dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Taylor Newman at the Century Club. Covers were laid for twenty-two, including the bridal party and the following out-of-town guests: Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hamlin, Miss Mable Claire Camp and Miss Lois Fuller Young of Smethport, Pa., Miss Pauline Ruprecht of Batavia, N. Y., and Col. M. M. Gillette of Newark, Ohio. The dining rooms were beautifully festooned with white carnations and lilies-of-the-valley.

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.

CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

Many goods at cost at store of D. C. Young to reduce stock for spring goods. Call and look over bargains.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hemlock lath bolts cut 50 inches delivered to our mill. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Godino is Reconciled.

Preparations are being made by Sheriff George W. Mitchell for the execution of Frank Godino, the Italian, which will occur shortly after 10 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, February 6th.

The sheriff has decided it unnecessary to erect a jail yard for the execution, but will use what is known as the turnkey's room situated on the second floor and east side of the jail building. As is usually the case with a hanging many persons are anxious to witness the gruesome spectacle and Sheriff Mitchell has been the recipient of several hundred applications for invitations to the hanging, but as the room in which it is to occur is very small and the sheriff being anxious to avoid unnecessary publicity to the affair as much as possible, but very few of those applications are to be granted. Outside of the jury selected to witness the hanging, the newspaper representatives, officials and a very few others there is no reason for any more, and especially the morbid, curious to see the decree of justice fulfilled, and the sheriff is showing good judgment in leaving the uninterested out.

Frank Godino, the doomed man who will go to his death on the gallows that hanged Ralph Crossmire, seems to be reconciled to his fate and is very quiet and reserved, giving his attendants no trouble to speak of. No scenes such as were enacted when the man was sentenced have occurred, and those in charge of him are of the opinion that he will keep up his nerve until the end.

Art Exhibit.

The General Federation of Women's Club are sending out a travelling Art Gallery, consisting of a fine collection of oil paintings, water colors and etchings, valued at twenty-five hundred dollars.

The pictures were received by our local Travellers' Club last Monday and hung in St. Luke's parish house where they were viewed by the pupils and their teachers on Tuesday morning and in the afternoon by all adults who were interested in art and artists. It is to be regretted that, owing to unavoidable circumstances, the committee was unable to keep the pictures longer or to advertise the exhibit more thoroughly. However, a large number of ladies and one or two adventurous men were delightfully entertained from 1 to 5 p. m.

Mrs. S. D. Weaver very cleverly explained the leading features of the oils and water colors. The etchings were in charge of Mrs. L. K. Hogarth. Miss Rubin, Miss Choate and Miss Ella Young assisted. Incidentally a pleasing musical program was rendered by the Misses Ida Rubin, Maude Heath, Maze Kissock, Edna Neal and Mrs. Walker.

It was the object of the Travellers' Club in preparing for this exhibit to give to our townspeople, free of charge, the privilege of viewing a collection of the original works of present day artists. The success of the exhibit is largely due to the efforts of the club secretary, Mrs. J. Scott Walker, and to Rev. J. H. McCandless, who kindly offered the use of the parish house.

Death of Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. Tony Miller died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Stravino, in this borough, on Tuesday evening, of tuberculosis, after an illness of about one year, aged 18 years.

Mary Stravino was married to Tony Miller of Hazelhurst about 2 years ago and with her husband lived at that place until her health became so impaired that she returned to this place to pass the remainder of her days. She was a bright and active Italian girl and previous to her marriage her services were much in demand by her native countryman in transacting business for them, and on several occasions she acted as interpreter in Italian cases at the courts. Besides a husband and parents the deceased is survived by three sisters and a brother.

The funeral services were held from St. Elizabeth's church at 10 o'clock this morning, the Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating, and her remains interred in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

J. C. Hamlin Gets Bad Fall.

John C. Hamlin, the veteran hardware merchant, received a hard, though not serious, fall, Saturday morning at about nine o'clock. Mr. Hamlin was on his way to the store and when in front of the residence of Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin he slipped on the icy sidewalk. In falling he struck on his head, receiving a bad gash on the back of the head. He was picked up in an unconscious condition by willing hands and conveyed to his home nearby, where medical attention was given him and it was found that with the exception of the gash in the head and a severe shaking up he had sustained no other injuries. It was a very fortunate accident for Mr. Hamlin and the many friends of this most estimable gentleman are pleased to learn it was no more serious. Mr. Hamlin has resumed his duties at the store, although he is somewhat sore from the effects of the fall.

A suit case or a traveling bag makes an excellent gift at any time. My line is complete and the best.

CHARLES LEHMKUHL.

Harrisburg Letter.

Farmer Creasey, the Democratic war horse of Columbia county, got into the limelight and made a grandstand play to the galleries Monday night by introducing a resolution to take the bill, providing for the carrying of freight by trolley lines, out of committee and bringing it before the house at once. It looked for a time as if his resolution was going through, but after several members had spoken on the subject things took a change. It was argued that Mr. Creasey's bill was not the best kind of a bill for the purpose and that a bill would be introduced in a few days which would be an improvement on his bill in many ways. The Democratic side of the house tried to make it appear that the Republicans were trying to kill any legislation providing for trolley lines carrying freight, and this brought some forcible denials from the accused and it was pretty clearly shown that the Republican members of the house are in favor of such a measure, but they want a good measure which will cover the ground completely. When it came to a vote Mr. Creasey asked for an aye and nay vote, which was given and Mr. Creasey's resolution was voted down by about 3 to 1.

The resolution to appoint a commission to investigate certain charges and irregularities in the management of railroads in this Commonwealth, with power to make an investigation covering two years, was again postponed for the present at Monday evening's session. This resolution may be all right and yet it may be a railroad measure to give these corporations more time, and the house is inclined to take a little more time to find out its real purpose before disposing of it.

A bill has been introduced in the legislature making it a misdemeanor for unnaturalized foreign-born residents of any part of this Commonwealth to carry or have in his or her possession any form of gun, revolver or firearm or ammunition, and also making it a misdemeanor for any person to loan, sell or rent any firearm to such unnaturalized person. Violations of this act are punishable by a heavy fine and imprisonment and half of the fine goes to the informant. At first such a law may seem like an injustice to the foreigner within our State but when it is taken into consideration the number of crimes such a law, properly enforced, would prevent and the number of lives it would save, the reason for such a law is readily seen, and all who are aware of the alarming conditions at the present time are heartily in favor of the proposed law.

Child Burned to Death.

A frightful accident happened at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tassella on Maple street, over the Thorne store. Mr. Tassella had gone to work as section hand on the railroad, and Mrs. Tassella had gone from the house on some errand or other, leaving three little children the eldest three years of age, playing about the room. About nine o'clock Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who live next to the family on the same floor, heard the frightful screams of the children and at once investigated. They found the child, Johnnie, eighteen months old, sitting on the kitchen table enveloped in flames from foot to head. She wrapped her apron about him quickly, somewhat smothering the fire, and called her husband. He rolled the child in the table cloth and smothered out the fire. Mrs. Wilson summoned Dr. Cook who, fortunately, was close by, and he was quickly present and found the child literally cooked. Chloroform was at once administered to relieve the awful agony and the child was swathed in oil soaked bandages, but there was no hope of its life from the first. A good nurse was with the child to the end. It lingered for about twenty-four hours and died. The cause of the accident was from one of the children lighting a stick in the open grate and deliberately setting fire to the little fellow's clothing as he was playing on the table.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Narrow Escape From Death.

While waiting for the flyer at Port Allegany Monday morning the writer witnessed a very narrow escape from instant death on the railroad track. The Coudersport & Port Allegany train was standing on a siding and just as the flyer was coming up the main track a man stepped in front of the C. & P. A. train and proceeded to cross the main track. People who saw him shouted to attract his attention to the danger he was in, but he paid no attention and was just in the act of stepping on the track in front of the oncoming train when he saw his danger. He thrust out his hand and shoved himself back by placing his hands on the front corner of the engine and then he was brushed by the side of the engine. It was a most miraculous escape and shows how easy it is for a man to lose his life around a train by carelessness. This gentleman was perfectly sober and in full possession of his faculties, but it was sheer good luck that he was not killed.

All fall and winter goods sold for cost for the next thirty days at D. C. Young's store.

Two Excellent Attractions.

The largest audience of the season greeted the production of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" at the Lyceum last Thursday evening, and a most appreciative audience it was, too. Through the extensive advertising for this play the people were led to expect a treat and they were not disappointed. From the opening of the first act until the fall of the curtain on the last this beautiful New England story was portrayed by a company of artists in such a manner as to evoke hearty applause, and it is doubtful if a single person left the theatre dissatisfied. The costumes worn were unique and the scenery was elaborate. There was not a dull character in the entire cast and if space would allow mention could be made of each one, but as it is we must confine ourselves to the principals. The part of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," the young lawyer from the city, was ably handled by James Thatcher. His stage presence and cool and indifferent manner helped much toward bringing out the part. "Alice Pettingill," the beautiful, blind girl, was excellently taken by Miss Bertha Van Norman. Miss Frances Williams played a double part, and in both did it well. Her singing and dancing was also much enjoyed.

"The Volunteer Organist," a clean, wholesome rural melodrama, was highly pleasing to a fair sized audience at the Lyceum Monday evening. There is a smooth plot to the play that centers around a young minister. Perhaps one of the prettiest and most effective scenes ever witnessed at the Lyceum was the church scene in the third act. The beautiful singing by Masters Willie Nelson and Lee Dalton in this act was greatly appreciated by the entire audience. In fact, as a whole, the show was far above the ordinary.

Costly Fire at Bradford.

The Bradford Flint Bottle Co.'s plant, located on Hilton street, that city, was entirely consumed by fire last Thursday evening, entailing a loss of about $30,000 and throwing out of employment about 100 persons.

When the fire was discovered by the night watchman a lively blaze had started in the box-making department. The alarm was turned in and the firemen were quickly at the scene but the flames had gained such headway that the building was beyond saving, and within 15 minutes after the alarm had been sounded the roof of the main building had fallen in and the flames had spread to other sections, including the office.

Burt McAllister, the plucky chief of the fire department, was ill in bed at the time, but when the general alarm was sounded, he went to the scene of the fire and with his men did good work.

The plant will be rebuilt within a short time.

A joint meeting of the Bradford Business Men's Association have decided to assess every business man in that city certain amounts, the whole aggregating $1,500, and this money is to be given to the bottle company to assist in resuming operations. It is a worthy act, and it goes to show that the business men of that city are not shrinking in their duty.

Belated Prize Money.

Chas. P. Byron of this city yesterday received a check from Washington for $14.13, balance due on prize money won by Mr. Byron as a member of the crew of the gunboat Pinguine, in the capture of the schooner Lucy B. Waring of Boston, blockade runner, on Nov. 9, 1862. The capture took place off Port Royal, S. C., and the prize was a rich one, the vessel having a very valuable cargo of merchandise. In 1866 Mr. Byron received his first installment of the prize money, amounting to $200. Through official carelessness, the entire amount was not paid until now. "Comrade" Byron was in some warm places while serving Uncle Sam in the naval branch of the fighting force which had so much work to do in the sixties.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

Brakeman Injured.

Wm. McGavisk of Olean, a brakeman on a Pennsylvania railroad freight train, had three fingers very badly smashed at Crosby Monday. He was in the act of making a coupling in the yards at that place and got his hand caught between the lift lever of one car and the sill of another as the cars came together crushing the first three fingers on the right hand. Mr. McGavisk was brought to Smethport, where Dr. Burg Chadwick, the railroad company's surgeon, dressed the young man's injuries, after which he was taken on the 4:03 p. m. train to his home in Olean. Although the fingers were smashed in a horrible manner amputation was not deemed necessary, and within two or three weeks the young man will be on duty again.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made alone for Piles—and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding, or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Try it and see! All dealers.

For suit cases and traveling bags, the best at reasonable prices, go to

CHARLES LEHMKUHL.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Commonwealth vs. Peter Bronck, jury returned a verdict of not guilty. On the evening of the 6th of March last, Bronck was sitting in the bar-room of Bucktail hotel in the town of Kane when two men, railroad employees, by name of Gardner and Dalrymple, entered. Another man, a guest of the house and a cripple, but a stranger in the place, was present. Gardner and Dalrymple picked up a quarrel with the cripple, and during the melee Bronck interfered in his behalf. Gardner then struck Bronck and the latter returned a powerful blow, knocking Gardner nine feet and breaking his neck. Dalrymple then attacked Bronck when Bronck hit him, knocking him through the outside door to the sidewalk. The prosecution endeavored, through two or three witnesses, to establish the fact that Bronck struck Gardner after the first blow. The witnesses for the defense, including Mr. Looker, the proprietor of the hotel, swore positively that he only struck him the one time. Upon that evidence hinged the verdict, whether the crime of voluntary manslaughter was committed or not. The jury believed that the witnesses for the defense had the best opportunity for knowing the facts in the case and brought in a verdict in accordance with their testimony.

The marriage of Miss Emma, the lovely daughter of Judge H. Hamlin, and Rev. J. Heber McCandless, rector of St. Luke's church of this place, was solemnized in that church on Monday, Oct. 26, 1885. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Whitehead of this diocese, assisted by Revs. Day of Bradford and Kelley of Pittsburg. Rev. Dr. White of Butler was also present. It is not exaggerating to say that a more brilliant wedding never occurred in this place, and probably not in this section of the country. The bride was elegantly attired, the elite of the county filled the church, the music was grand and the service beautiful. The bride entered the church, leaning upon the arm of her father, preceded by the ushers, Orlo and Paul Hamlin, John King and Harry Richmond. The groom entered from the vestry, preceded by the bishop. Judge Hamlin then gave his daughter away, after which the rites of the Episcopal services were performed, followed by the communion. The presents were numerous, elegant and costly.

The first marriage ceremony in this place under the new law was performed Sunday evening last at the M. E. parsonage by Rev. Wm. Bradley. The happy pair came all the way from Cattaraugus, N. Y., so that they might have the pleasure of taking out one of those ironclad Pennsylvania marriage licenses.

Died.—At his residence in Keating township on Friday, October 23, 1885, Pardon Wright, aged 64 years. Mr. Wright was engaged feeding his team, when he fell from the top of the haymow to the barn floor, where he was found a short time after in an insensible condition. The injuries he received proved fatal.

Monday morning, Oct. 26, 1885, as a little girl was on her way to school, and while crossing through the dug-road near Mrs. Iron's, was nearly frightened out of her wits by three deer springing up almost in her pathway. The news soon spread and several of our local sportsmen shouldered their shooting irons and hied themselves away to the woods in search of the venison, but at present writing we have not learned of the fleeing deer being overtaken.

Mrs. Whittle, an inmate of the poor house, died at that institution Tuesday, Nov. 4, 1885, and was buried on Wednesday afternoon in the burying ground on the poor farm, Rev. F. H. Gates officiating at the funeral. The deceased was about sixty-five years of age and was brought to the poor house from Foster Brook.

Amos Rifle, a former resident of Hamlin township, this county, died in Wellsville, N. Y., on October 24, 1885. His age or the particulars of his death are not given. Mr. Rifle enlisted early in 1862 and served as a private in Company E, 58th Regiment Penna. Vols., during the war of the rebellion. He was a good soldier and was highly respected by his comrades in arms. He was mustered out at the close of the war and since that time has resided with his family in Allegany county, N. Y. He was a brother of Andrew Rifle, who died at Fortress Monroe in 1864.

James Reilly, son of Commissioner Andrew Reilly, died at his father's residence in this borough on Sunday night, Nov. 29, 1895, in the 23rd year of his age. Mr. Reilly has been sick for more than a year, and for a few months past has been confined to his house. At first it was thought that his lungs were affected, but later it was found that an abcess was forming in his side. A few months ago an operation was performed which relieved him for a time, but proved no permanent benefit. "Jimmy" Reilly was beloved by a large circle of friends. The funeral services were held at the Catholic church on Tuesday morning, Father Galligan officiating, and was largely attended.

Tri-County Dairy Union Meeting.

There will be a meeting of the cheese makers and creamery operatives of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties held at Lewisville, in Potter County, on Wednesday, February 27th, 2 p.m.

This meeting is called by the Potter County Agricultural Society and Dairy Union which has recently been consolidated with the Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties' Cheesemakers' Association for the purpose of considering and if found advisable, adopting uniform rules for the production and care of milk to be delivered at cheese factories, creameries, etc., in the above named counties, and taking such other steps as shall be deemed in the interest of cheese and butter products, and to secure concerted action looking to the advancement of cheese interests in particular.

Every cheese maker and creamery superintendent in Tioga, Potter and McKean counties is earnstly requested to be present and join in this effort to advance the dairy interests of the counties named and improve the grade of their dairy products. Ample accommodations will be secured for all who may attend.

For further information communicate with H. L. Pearsall, secretary, Shinglehouse, Potter County, Pa.

"The Blackthorn."

A play of modern life with mingled pathos and humor is promised in "The Blackthorn" which comes to the Smethport Lyceum on Wednesday, Feb. 13. The principal character is one Danny Dolan, a good-hearted Irish lad impersonated by Geo. H. Timmons, who is a composer of no small repute and has furnished a number of new songs for this revival, which with the addition of bright up-to-date specialties and new scenic effects have tended to make the present season one of the most successful in the history of the play.

"The Blackthorn" provides an evening of wholesome entertainment which should appeal to all classes of playgoers.

Geo. H. Timmons' Danny Dolan is an old favorite with the play-going public, "The Blackthorn" having many seasons of success to its credit. The revised edition which is now presented has been brought up-to-date, enlivened with new songs and given an attractive stage setting.

Death of William Hooker.

William Hooker a long resident of Port Allegany, died today at about noon after a long illness, aged seventy-two years. He had been suffering for the past several years with Bright's disease. He was born at Portville, June 27th, 1838. He married Lucy Champlin in 1866, a Portville young lady. He came to Port Allegany in 1873 and bought the store of M. A. Lillibridge on Mill street, now occupied by Neptune. Three years later he disposed of a half interest to his brother Wesley and the firm of Hooker Brothers was formed, one of the substantial firms in the city in the days of old, and was continued until the late '90s, when Ray Foote purchased the brother's interest and the firm has since been known as Hooker & Foote. He was a highly respected citizen, a good neighbor and a most kind husband and father. Besides his sorrowing wife, two daughters survive him, Mrs. Clinton Gallup of Coudersport and Mrs. Raymond Foote of Port Allegany.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Farone Had a Gun.

Patsy Farone was arrested yesterday at the B. R. & P. depot and taken to the police station. When searched it was found that he had on his person a loaded revolver. The prisoner was charged with carrying concealed weapons and given a hearing in police court. A fine of $15 and costs with 24 hours in the lockup—and in addition 15 days in jail if the fine is not paid, was imposed. The incident leading up to the arrest of the Italian caused considerable excitement in the vicinity of the B., R. & P. station. Trainman William Wilson of the B., R. & P. had an overcoat stolen on December 21, and ever since has been keeping watch for the garment. He was rewarded yesterday morning when he saw Farone wearing the coat. Farone was detained and an officer notified. It is expected that Farone will be served with a warrant charging him with larceny at the expiration of the 24-hour sentence.—Yesterday's Bradford Era.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending February 2, 1907:

By F. Barton, H. C. Beerets, John Rogear, Miss Esther Clover, Jay J. Kile, Roy W. Lilly, Joseph Patterson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Dade's Little Liver Pills thoroughly clean the system, good for lazy livers, makes clear complexions, bright eyes and happy thoughts. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Spicy Belle

By

CAMPBELL MACLEOD

Copyright, 1905, by M. M. Cunningham

Farnsworth, the hero of Mrs. Gilder's reception, was nowhere in sight. The lady in question was putting her way through the crowded parlors in search of him.

It was half past 10 o'clock, and the reception was in full blast, but Farnsworth had suddenly disappeared. The hostess was asking if anybody had seen him.

Half an hour earlier the lion of the function had found himself alone. A debutante who lisped had reduced him to a state of cold perspiration. He had started recklessly down the hall. A door had stood invitingly open. He had walked in, hoping it gave on a porch. It had proved quite the most attractive spot he had seen since he had left the jungles of South America a month ago and had found himself famous as the author of a book on "Unknown Amazon Lands."

This room was green and cool. A bank of palms concealed a piano. Behind the piano was an open window. Here he could indulge in a cigarette. Good! As he scratched the match a faint exclamation of surprise from the far corner drew his attention in that direction. A young girl was observing him with calm amusement.

"I beg your pardon," he began, throwing away the cigarette. "I didn't mean to intrude."

"Don't mind me," she begged. "Were you running away?"

"I'm afraid so," guiltily and glancing furtively at her.

She was a very young person, almost a child. Her dress was faint pink, and she idly thrummed the banjo in her lap. He realized that she was exceedingly good to look upon.

"Won't you sit down?" she invited, motioning to the seat beside her.

"Why are you hiding here?" he demanded. "You aren't afraid of them, are you?"

"I'm not one of the guests," cheerfully. "I'm an entertainer. The time appointed for my stunt," holding up the banjo, "hasn't arrived yet."

"I see," reflectively. "But what are you doing here alone?"

"It was cool and unoccupied, and I slipped in, maybe for the same reason that you did."

"If I won't disturb your practicing, may I stay?" he surprised himself by asking. "My name is Farnsworth."

"Oh," he gasped, pointing to the door, "it's your reception given for you. Of course you can't stay!" again pointing to the door.

"But I want to stay," very determinedly. "I—I didn't catch your name."

The girl laughed delightfully.

"Spicy Belle Browning. What are you laughing at? Though people generally do laugh."

"It is rather a startling name," he admitted. "I can't think I ever heard it before."

"My old mammy named me. My mother died when I was born. The Spicy part was after the pinks in the garden. And we had an old cow named Belle—my name that's where the pet cattle from. Grandmother was for heartbreaking to have what they called me."

She [illegible] her [illegible] to the strains of the distant music. "Let me see, you've been away, haven't you?" Her face dropped her forehead in an effort to remember. "What was it you did?"

"Nothing of any consequence," he returned lightly. "Sing to me, won't you?"

The girl caressed the banjo with loving fingers.

"You'd like the old songs," she announced soulfully. "I don't sing them for many."

She began in a voice like red roses, too low to escape the walls of the tiny room, singing something about Dundee and waking from a dream too soon. "Be my own fair bride," the soft voice trailed and stopped suddenly.

"Mrs. Gilder!" she gasped. "They don't know where I am! Maybe it my turn!"

"I'll help you find her." He rose and together they made their way down the long crowded hall. Mrs. Gilder visibly scolded up the disappearing hero. She listened vacantly while he began his apologies and turned with a frilled consideration to the girl who stood at his elbow. Farnsworth was more than startled apparently in finding out who this young person's turn came then he had been in all the brilliant conversation tired at him during the earlier part of the evening.

"She'd have time to dance with no one thing before she goes on, won't she?" he begged.

Until they reached the ballroom door he forgot that he hadn't danced in ten years.

"This is a beastly thing to thrust on you," he said. "I have not danced since—since you were an infant. You understand, it was my only chance to get you away from her. Did you ever try to talk small conversation to young ladies who lisped?"

Spicy Belle laughed.

"I mean young ladies—er—what do I mean—who are in society as—er—er—a profession?"

"It's not half as hard as trying to talk to young men who are in society as—er—profession," she mocked.

They had started to dance.

"You've been 'in' yourself?" he asked. "You can appreciate my misery."

"Yes," quietly, "I was 'in' two years ago myself. Then the money went. I've been working since and much happier." After a little pause, "You dance like a dilatie, Mr. Farnsworth."

"You've made me forget my feet; that's all. I never danced with any ease before in my life."

"You aren't telling the truth," she accused softly.

"May I come to see you tomorrow morning?" he asked. "And when are you going home tonight? Yonder she's beckoning," indicating smiling Mrs. Gilder, who was shaking her fan at them.

Farnsworth never realized the true meaning of stage fright until he sat later beside the debut ante-daughter of his hostess, waiting for Spicy Belle to come on. A stage had been erected at the far end of the immense ballroom. But when she did come, as real as when she sat beside him in the little green room, his courage returned. She twanged her banjo and tuned it as unconcernedly as if she were alone. The music now was very different from that she had played to him. It was society love songs and quaint plantation melodies, old dances and an occasional negro dirge. The bored society people were murmuring something about her talent. Farnsworth heard, as in a dream, the girl beside him babbling of the immense sums that had been offered Miss Browning to go on the vaudeville stage. That thought brought sudden and great consternation to his heart.

"Really, I can't say," his hostess drawled when he finally managed to place her daughter with "another and handsomer man," as he explained in leaving her—"I can't say where Miss Browning is. No, I don't know her address even. I have so many poor girls on my list. I try to help the most deserving."

Farnsworth was gone. He had caught a glimpse of a tiny pink foot under a long gray cloak, the wearer being followed by an ancient negress and the two slipping out of a side door.

"Wait for me!" he called.

Spicy Belle laughed.

"I forgot to say," he fell in with her step. "Oh, I say, tell the old person back there," motioning to the duenna, "not to listen. It's this way. We've been pretty frank with each other this evening, haven't we? You see, I've been away from civilization so long it's rather awkward for me to try to learn the romantic way people in the polite world make love. I'm not going to tell you about my love tonight," as the girl drew back frightened at his intensity. "You know I have a feeling that this is the last reception that either of us will ever go at."

Spicy Belle laughed.

"You've got no more business with them than I have." He indicated the brilliantly lighted house in the rear. "You were made for the big places, the silent places, the warm nights, heavy with the fragrance of flowers, that these people, with all their yellow gold, can't buy. You were born to sing love songs under the tropic stars. Wait a minute! Yes, you can. Send her on to the house if you don't want her to hear what I am saying to you. Listen, then you may go. I'll have to cut back there and show up to say good night. I'm going back to South America tomorrow, and you're going with me—to be my own fair bride, you hear? It's too cramped in the United States for a fellow that's outgrown civilization. You can't get your breath. I can't! Spicy Belle, Spicy Belle! That's a tropical name. Wait a minute, then I'll let you go. No, I'm not going to listen! You'd kiss me if I told you to, Spicy Belle, but I'm not going to tonight! I'll be here early in the morning, and morning means the early hours of the day, you understand that, Spicy Belle? We'll talk over the final arrangements then. Are you going of your own free will or are you going to force me to take you a la Sabine?"

"Why should I go?" came from the folds of the long cloak in which Spicy Belle had hidden her face. "I—I—I love you!"

Dreamed In a Dream.

Marnish in his book on sleep tells a story of a man who was sued for a debt, originally contracted in the lifetime of his father and, as the man thought, settled by him, but of such settlement he could find no trace among his papers. After searching a long time to no purpose he went to bed with the determination of giving up the fight and making the best compromise he could. He dreamed that his father came to him in his sleep and told him that he had paid the debt and that he would find the papers in the possession of a certain solicitor. His father added that he could remind the lawyer of the case by the incident that they could not get change for a Portuguese piece of money and had to drink it up in a tavern. The man awoke and went immediately to see the solicitor in question, whom he found an old man. At first he denied all remembrance of the case, but at mention of the Portuguese money the whole event came back to him, and after some trouble he found the papers that were needed, thus saving the man from heavy loss.

Slightly Mistaken.

The official in charge of the grounds at Mount Vernon not long ago came upon a woman kneeling before a building not far from the monument. She was bathed in tears. Thinking that the lady was in trouble, the director gently inquired whether he might be of service to her.

"No, thank you," sobbed the woman. "I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feelings overcame me when I first gazed upon the tomb of the Father of His Country."

"Pardon me, madam," said the director, with a smile, "but you have made a slight mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington, but his ice house."—New York Times.

Standing and Sitting.

David Slowpay—I shall bring you back those dark trousers to be reseated, Mr. Snip. You know I sit a good deal. Mr. Snip (tailor)—All right, and if you'll bring the bill I sent you six months ago I will be pleased to receipt that also. You know I've stood a good deal.—London Tit-Bits.

Getting Back at Him.

Hewitt—I got even with the doctor who vaccinated me. Jewett—How did you do it? Hewitt—He ran for office, and I scratched him.

Flattery is telling a man to his face that which was intended only for his tombstone.—Dallas News.

FAMOUS GAMBLERS.

Old Time London Betting Clubs and Their Members.

There were three principal clubs—White's, Brookes' and Boodle's. White's was originally a "chocolate house" in William III.'s time, but became a private club early in the eighteenth century and was used by the Tories. It was a club always noted for high play and betting, and very curious some of their bets were, the old wager book being still preserved. Brookes' was the Whig club and was then conducted by that

Liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
Is hastily credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed in clubs, disdained a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust and blushes to be paid.

Among the members of this club were the Prince of Wales, and, of course, his fidus Achates, Sheridan, besides the great Charles James Fox who here played deeply and whose name is oft recorded in the wager book, which, however, is of older date and was kept when the club was but at Almack's. "Lord Northington bets Mr. C. Fox, June 4, 1774, that he (Mr C. F.) is not called to the bar before this day four years." "March 11, 1775 Lord Bolingbroke gives a guinea to Mr. Charles Fox and is to receive a thousand from him whenever the debt of this county amounts to £171,000,000. Mr. Fox is not to pay the £1,000 till he is one of his majesty's cabinet." "April 7, 1791, Mr. Sheridan bets Lord Lauderdale and Lord Thanet 25 guineas each that parliament will not consent to any more lotteries after the present one voted to be drawn in February next."—From "The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century," by John Ashton

HE DIED FIGHTING.

How Prince Louis Napoleon Was Killed by the Zulus.

How Prince Louis Napoleon was killed by the Zulus June 1, 1879, is told graphically in the book by Sir Evelyn Wood, who took part in that war. The little party which the prince accompanied was surprised and attacked. Sir Evelyn writes: "The Zulus in pursuit ran first after the two white soldiers who were on the flanks, three or four men, headed by Labanga, following the prince. His horse had jumped just as he was mounting, and his sword fell out of its scabbard. He was very active and was vaulting on his horse in motion when the wallet on the front of the saddle broke away, and he fell to the ground, being at this time only sixty yards behind the (British) fugitives. There were seven men who actually fought the prince. When Langalobele, pursuing the fugitives, first saw Labanga, he was running away from the prince, who was rushing at him. Labanga, crouching in the grass, threw an assegai at him. The first assagai stuck in the prince's thigh, and, withdrawing it from the wound, he kept his foes at bay for some minutes. In the native's words: 'He fought like a lion. He fired two shots, but without effect, and I threw an assegai at him, which struck him, as I said at the time, but I always allowed Labanga's claim to have killed him, for his assagai hit the prince in the left shoulder, a mortal wound.'"

Some Odd Wills.

One of the oddest documents of the will kind known was that of Queen Austrigilda, consort of King Gontram of Burgundy. The dying princess rejoined upon her husband to slay and bury in the same grave with her the physicians who had attended her. Another will was that of a husband who forbade his wife's marrying on pain of his returning to haunt her. This is quite different from that of a woman who instructed her executors to seek out "some nice, good, pretty girl" who would make an affectionate second wife to her spouse. It is a fact interesting in this connection that the first Napoleon actually bequeathed 10,000 francs to a fellow named Cantillon, who had been tried for attempting the assassination of the Duke of Wellington.

A Problem In Life.

They had met in the subway and in the interval of passing a few stations had fallen to talking of a lovely woman friend who had died.

"How did she die? Do you know?" he asked.

"She nursed a little niece through an infectious disease, then took it herself and died of it," said she.

"A strange Providence!" he mused sadly. "She, lovely, gracious, charming, everything to live for and a blessing to her friends, to die in order that a child might live. A strange and unaccountable Providence!"—New York Press.

Good and Osgood.

The subject of ancestors is often an interesting topic of conversation. A lady extremely proud of her mother's family created a sensation and made her listeners wonder a little when she remarked: "My father filled many responsible positions. We all have the greatest respect for him. My father was a good man, but"—and a certain stiffening of the shoulders and an added expression of firmness in the good lady's face added importance to her conclusion—"my mother was an Osgood!"

Man to Blame.

Women are more prone to deceit than men. From the time when Scheherazade told her lord 1,001 lies to keep the peace it has been the accepted way. And the men, not the women, are the most to blame. It is what they like, and they get it.—Good Words.

It is a pleasure to tell our readers about a Cough Cure like Dr. Shoop's. For years Dr. Shoop has fought against the use of Opium, Chloroform, or other unsafe ingredients commonly found in Cough remedies. Dr. Shoop, it seems, has welcomed the Pure Food and Drug Law recently enacted, for he has worked along similar lines many years. For nearly 20 years Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure containers have had a warning printed on them against Opium and other narcotic poisons. He has thus made it possible for mothers to protect their children by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by all dealers.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

What This Great Body Represents.

At first sight there is not much likeness between the cultured country gentlemen, retired lawyers, admirals of fashion and ill-used ex-party hacks, who now dine into wear than frequent their magnificent hall and "the mail covered barons," who proudly to battle led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain" in the days of the Henrys and Edwards but in one point the house has always maintained its character through centuries—it is an aristocracy of birth, but it is still more emphatically one of wealth. The law of entail and primogeniture has kept the landed estates together as far as the law can. Many have passed by bequests to new names or been sold by spendthrift lords, many holders of ancient titles have lost the wealth that rilled their ancestors' coffers, but new peers are almost always rich, and a title is still an attraction to an heiress. We sometimes hear that the house of lords represents nothing. This is false. It represents property. Tennyson's new Lincolnshire farmer, whose horse's hoofs trotted "proputty, proputty, proputty," is the type of a vast number of Englishmen. Such men are not only content, but proud, to be represented by the house of lords. They know that as long as the lords have their say "proputty" will have a stanch body of organized champions.—William Everett in Atlantic.

NATURAL KITCHENS.

Places Where Cooking Is Done In Boiling Springs.

There are one or two countries—Iceland, for example—where washday is not dreaded, because nature provides the hot water at one's very door in the shape of steaming springs of spouting geysers. But there is only one country where the native women do practically all their cooking by unaided nature, and that is the North island of New Zealand. Here is a wonderland of a thousand square miles so volcanic that a fire may be lighted by inserting a few sticks in the earth, and wherever one makes a hole he specially has a pool of boiling water, into which a pudding may be lowered inclosed in a cloth and cooked expeditiously.

Frequently in perfectly cold streams a boiling hot current may be seen and felt running along the edge of the river, and here the Maori women do their own and the white man's washing. Naturally the volcanic region of New Zealand is a dangerous country to wander in without a guide, and many tourists have lost their lives as the result of such carelessness. Maori servants boil coffee and eggs in this way.—New York Tribune.

A Vile Performance.

On the occasion of his brother's benefit Edwin Booth was standing behind the scenes when a character actor who had been giving imitations of noted actors was about to respond to an encore.

"Whom do you imitate next?" inquired Booth.

"Well," was the reply, "I was going to represent you in Hamlet's soliloquy, but if you look on I'm afraid I shall make a mess of it."

"Suppose I imitate myself?" remarked the tragedian, and, hastily putting on the other actor's wig and buttoning up his coat, he went on and delivered the well known lines.

Next morning the newspapers stated that the imitations ruined the performance, "the personation of Edwin Booth being simply vile enough to make that actor shudder had he seen it."—Toledo Blade.

Costly Windsor Castle.

No royal castle has cost Great Britain more in hard cash than that of Windsor, says the London Chronicle. When George IV. announced his intention of making it a family residence parliament granted him £300,000 toward its reconstruction. For four years the work went merrily on under fresh grants, and the king then took possession of the private apartments. That did not end the expenditure however. By the time William IV. had satisfied himself that there was nothing more to be done the castle had swallowed up close to a million pounds.

Pope's Skull.

The skull of Alexander Pope, the poet and satirist, is in the private collection of a phrenologist. During some alterations in the churchyard where Pope was buried it was necessary to move his coffin, which was opened at the time to ascertain the state of his remains. By bribing the sexton of the church possession of the poet's skull was obtained for the night, and in the morning a different skull was returned instead. The cost of the skull, including the bribe, was £50.

His Stubbornness.

"Haven't you and your friend got through that argument yet?" asked a parent of his youngest son.

"It isn't any argument," answered the boy. "I am merely telling Jimmie the facts in the case, and he is so beastly stubborn that he won't understand."—Chums.

Escaping the Organ Grinders.

Reside close to a dentist's if you are not fond of street music. Itinerant organ men carefully avoid playing anywhere near the house of a practitioner who can effectually stop or remove all troublesome grinders.—London Punch.

A niggardly rich man does not own his estate; his estate owns him.—Bion.

ManZan Pile Remedy put up in convenient, collapsible tubes with nozzle attachment so that the remedy may be applied at the very seat of the trouble, thus relieving almost instantly bleeding, itching or protruding piles. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

MYTHICAL CREATURES.

The General Belief In Fabulous Monsters In Olden Days.

Now that the cold light of science has thrown its ray upon the most remote parts of our globe there is no longer room for legendary creatures save the sea serpent—and we are told that the mermaid is nothing more than a dugong, a unicorn either a rhinoceros or a Tibetan antelope, while the cockatrice, the phoenix and the rac appear to be pure imagination.

But in the Elizabethan age—an age when the dodo had but recently been discovered—these and many other mythical creatures were, if not living, at all events actual realities to the ordinary public, and as such were referred to in the works of the great dramatist and other contemporary writers. We meet, for instance, in the "Winter's Tale" the line, "Make me not sighted like the basilisk," and in "The Tempest," "Naw I will believe that there are unicorns." But not only was more or less of credulity given to the existence of these and such like fabulous monsters, but a web of mystic lore encircled the most common and best known of beasts, birds and fishes. Who, for instance, is forgetful of the popular superstitions connected with the salamander, the newt and the blindworm, and who fails to remember White's account of the "shrewash" at Selborne? And if such superstitions still survive among uneducated peasants of the present day we may be assured that two centuries ago they were fully believed by the higher classes.—Academy.

WORKS OF A WATCH.

All the Parts Are but the Expression of One Idea.

To one who has never studied the mechanism of a watch its mainspring or the balance wheel is a mere piece of metal. He may have looked at the face of the watch, and while he admires the motions of its hands and the time it keeps he may have wondered in idle amusement as to the character of the machinery which is concealed within. Take it to pieces and show him each part separately, and he will recognize neither design nor adaptation nor relation between them, but put them together, set them to work, point out the offices of each spring, wheel and cog, explain their movements and then show him the result. Now he perceives that it is all one design; that, notwithstanding the number of parts, their diverse forms and various offices and the agents concerned, the whole piece is of one idea. He now rightly concludes that when the mainspring was fashioned and tempered its relation to all the other parts must have been considered; that the cogs on this wheel are cut and regulated—adapted—to the ratchets on that, etc., and his final conclusion will be that such a piece of mechanism could not have been produced by chance, for the adaptation of the parts is such as to show it to be according to design and obedient to the will of one intelligence.

Fifty Miles to Market.

It is not an uncommon thing in France to see a farmer forty or fifty miles from home in wet weather with a load. If he sees a prospect of a three days' rain, he puts his tarpaulin over his load, a cover over his horses and a waterproof coat on and starts off to market. He may go fifty miles before he finds a market that suits him, or he may know in advance just where he is going. You do not often see anybody driving fifty miles through a rainstorm in the United States to find a market for a load of hay, but it is not uncommon to see farmers' wagons forty or fifty miles from home in France. They choose the wet weather for that purpose. Their roads are just as good then as at any time.

The Chinese.

Conservative historians among the Chinese claim for their race an antiquity of at least 100,000 years, while those whose estimates are a little "wild" assert that the Chinese were the original inhabitants of the earth and that Chinese history goes back at least 500,000,000 years. The government records of China place the foundation of the empire at 2500 B. C. and claim that it was established by Tohl, who, they assert, is the Noah mentioned in the book of Genesis, B. C. 2240.

How It Struck Her.

"You seemed greatly impressed," said the minister, "with my description of how they brought the head of John the Baptist before the king on a salver."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. De Style; "I was thinking how much better they trained servants in those days. Now, mine, when they bring me things, are forever forgetting the salver."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Sure Way.

First Author—Oh, the unutterable monotony of existence! I am thoroughly disgusted with it all. Would that I might completely disappear for awhile. Second Author—Then why don't you marry a famous woman?—Judge.

Her Mourning.

Maud—Why is that lady over the way always in black? Is she mourning for any one? Bess—Yes, a husband. Maud—I didn't know she'd been married. Bess—No, but she's mourning for a husband all the same.

Of Course.

Professor (a little distracted)—I'm glad to see you. How's your wife?

"I regret it, professor, but I'm not married."

"Ah, yes. Then of course your wife's still single."—Fliegende Blatter.

Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup containing honey and tar is especially appropriate for children, no opiates or poisons of any character, conforms to the conditions of the National Pure Food and Drug Law, June 30, 1906. For croup, whooping cough, etc. It expels coughs and colds by gently moving the bowels. Guaranteed. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Kidney Disease Kills.

Thousands Never Suspect That They Have It.

It is now generally admitted that diseases of the Kidneys and bladder constitute the greatest source of disease. Cure them and we remove the cause of nearly all ailments of the Liver, Blood, Stomach and Bowels. But the approach of Kidney disease is so sly and gradual that the first symptoms may not be noticed. Here are some of the most common symptoms of this dangerous disease:

Discolored or dark urine, sometimes excessive and of pale color.
Unusual desire to urinate, especially at night.
"Brick dust" deposits, sometimes containing albumen and blood.
Swelling around eyes, ankles and abdomen.
Drowsiness and a constant tired feeling.
Pale, hot and dry skin.
Pain in the back, headache, cramps in the legs.
Bowels constipated, digestion poor and irregular.
Rheumatic pains in the joints and muscles.

If you have any of the above symptoms your kidneys need immediate attention. Use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy should be taken at once. Do you know what will happen if you neglect these symptoms? Bright's Disease, most fatal, is nearly always the outcome. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has cured thousands of kidney diseases, and we have the positive proof. It will cure you. Send to Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle and medical booklet. Large bottles $1.00, at all druggists.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED B. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

ACME MILL,

F. A. GREEN, Propr.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

C.A.SNOW & CO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

Woman's Trials.

The bitter trail in a woman's life is to be childless. Who can tell how hard the struggle may have been ere she learnt to resign herself to her lonely lot? The absence of this link to bind marital life together, the absence of this one pledge to mutual affection is a common disappointment. Many unfortunate couples become estranged thereby. Even if they do not drift apart, one may read the whole extent of their disappointment in the eyes of such a childless couple when they rest on the children of others. To them the largest family does not seem too numerous.

In many cases of barrenness or childlessness the obstacle to child-bearing is easily removed by the cure of weakness on the part of the woman. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been the means of restoring health and fruitfulness to many a barren woman, to the great joy of the household. In other, but rare cases, the obstruction to the bearing of children has been found to be of a surgical character, but easily removable by painless operative treatment at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., over which Dr. Pierce of the "Favorite Prescription" fame presides. In all cases where children are desired and are absent, an effort should be made to find out the real cause; since it is generally so easily removed by proper treatment.

In all the various weaknesses, displacements, prolapsus, inflammation and debilitating, catarrhal drains and in all cases of nervousness and debility, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most efficient remedy that can possibly be used. It has to its credit hundreds of thousands of cures—more in fact than any other remedy put up for sale through druggists, especially for woman's use. The ingredients of which the "Favorite Prescription" is composed have received the most positive endorsement from the leading medical writers on *Materia Medica* of all the several schools of practice. All the ingredients are printed in *plain English* on the wrapper enclosing the bottle, so that any woman making use of this famous medicine may know exactly what she is taking. Dr. Pierce takes his patients into his full confidence, which he can afford to do as the formula after which the "Favorite Prescription" is made will bear the most careful examination.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best and safest laxative for women.

THE BIG STORE.

If your lights are not satisfactory try our new Inverted Gas Light for $1.25 complete.

Also a full line of

Mantles Globes Burners Drop Lights

Stoves, Ranges, China and Glassware.

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 7, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—See Brasted's new ad.

—Basket ball to-morrow evening.

—The new plant of the S. R. Dresser Manufacturing Co., at East Bradford, is expected to open on April 1.

—While working at the Port Allegany tannery last Thursday A. J. Anderson had his right hand so badly crushed that most of it had to be amputated.

—The management of the Lyceum is endeavoring to give the theatregoers of this place the best plays that can be secured and good—the very best attractions—are now being seen here. That the patrons appreciate these attractions is evidenced by the increased patronage the house is getting.

—Mr. Emil A. Wahlin of Port Allegany, formerly of Smethport, and Miss Amanda O. Olsson of Smethport, were united in marriage at Ridgway on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Wahlin will spend their honeymoon in Sweden, returning to Port Allegany in the spring, where they will reside.

—A Westfield special says: Knocked down by an oyster cracker, Bruce Kennedy, a well known citizen of this section, may lose an eye as the result. Flipped from the hand of an acquaintance in fun, it hit Kennedy square in the eye, and he dropped to the ground. The pain that ensued was almost unbearable, and now acute inflammation has set in.

—Mrs. A. R. Tubbs died at her home in Weston Mills one day last week, aged 75 years. Mrs. Tubbs had been an invalid for fifty years, but the immediate cause of her death was broncheal pneumonia. Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs for many years lived near Smethport. She is survived by a husband, two sons and one brother. A brother, William Hooker of Port Allegany, died last Friday

—Mrs. Benton Keane of Charlewood, England, has presented the McKean County Historical Society with a copy of her book, "Mrs. Waterman." The author of the book is a member of the Benton family. Several of the characters of the book are taken from old families in this county, their history being connected with the Benton family. The history of McKean county is also interwoven in the story.—Bradford Star.

Smoking Contests.

"Smoking contests are as old as the hills," said an antiquary. "Go to Brittany, take in a Breton 'pardon,' and you'll see a smoking contest sandwiched in between the dancing matches and the wrestling bouts."

The old man took out his notebook.

"The first smoking contest of which we have any authentic record," he said, "came off at Oxford, the English seat of learning, in 1723. The conditions were that you should smoke three ounces of tobacco without drinking or leaving the stage, the person first finished to get a prize of 12 shillings.

"Hearne says—I copied it down here:

"'Many tryed, and 'twas thought that a journeyman taylor of St. Peter's-in-the-East would have been the victor, he smoking faster than and being many pipes before the rest, but at last he was so sick that 'twas thought he would have dyed, and an old man that had been a builder and smoked gently came off the conqueror, smoking the three ounces quite out, and he told me that after it he smoked four or five pipes the same evening.'"

A German Duel.

A young officer quarreled with a friend who was a solicitor. Hot words were exchanged, and the officer struck his friend. Here the matter might have ended—there was something to forgive and regret on both sides. But the officer's regiment heard of the affair, and a court of honor decided that he must challenge the civilian. So a duel by command took place, and the young lawyer fell mortally wounded by his friend. When the officer returned home he was arrested on the information of the president of the court of honor which had forced him to fight. He was tried by an ordinary tribunal and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The president of the court of honor knew he was urging the officer to an illegal deed when he insisted on the duel, but honor, as he understood it, must be satisfied at all cost.—Berlin Letter.

All It Needed.

"I made this potato salad for you myself," smiled she. "Isn't it delicious?"

"It would be," assented her husband, "if you had put a little more oil and vinegar and pepper and mustard seed and horseradish in the dressing and introduced a sliced egg or two and a few white onions and left half of the potatoes out."

Your money refunded if after using three-fourths of a tube of ManZan you are dissatisfied. Return the balance of the tube to your druggist and your money will be cheerfully returned. Take advantage of this offer. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

BOUGHT BIG SAFES.

The Way Jay Gould Brought an Express Company to Terms.

Recalling early days in the express business, an officer of one of the largest companies told this story of Jay Gould:

"Gould and Fisk then had hold of the Erie," he said, "and the United States Express company had all the express business on the road. The contract was about to expire, and Gould wanted an arrangement more profitable to the Erie.

"'The Erie's doing all the work and you're making all the money,' Gould said to the express people. You ought to do some of the work and give the railroad a chance at the money.'

"The express company officials demurred. Their profit, they insisted, was no more than they were entitled to, and they refused to shade the contract a penny. Gould insisted on a decrease, but they remained obdurate and eventually let the Erie president understand—what he very well knew—that no other company would compete against the United States for the Erie business. All the companies at that time were in an agreement to maintain rates.

"'All right,' said Gould at the conclusion of the interview, 'you've no objection, I guess, to my going into the express business for myself. It looks better than railroading.'

"The express people replied that Gould could organize all the companies he were of. They thought it was all bluff, but things that came to their attention soon weakened their faith in this idea. Gould was going around among his associates talking up an express company scheme, officials of other roads were told that a new company would be in the field to bid for their business, and the papers began to talk about the new Gould express company.

"The express officials, however, saw none of Gould's money going into the enterprise and stood pat. Presently it was reported that he had bought twenty-four big express safes. Was this talk or was it business? the express men asked themselves. They set to work investigating, and they discovered that the report was true. Gould had actually bought and paid for the safes—safes cost money in those days, too—and he was negotiating for all the other equipment required.

"Now, thoroughly convinced of Gould's sincerity, the express company came to terms. Gould got the best contract from a railroad standpoint that had been known up to that time. The clause in the contract that the United States Express company considered most valuable to itself was one stipulating the abandonment of Gould's express plans.

"It was all a bluff on Gould's part except buying the safes. For that matter the purchase was, of course, part of the bluff, but Gould had actually bought and paid for them unconditionally. Nevertheless he lost nothing on the deal, for as soon as friendly relations were established with the express officials he persuaded them they could use the safes in their business and sold them at a little better than cost."—Washington Post.

Precedence in New York Society.

A philanthropic society of New York recently arranged a benefit performance in one of the theaters. A large number of prominent women were to act as patronesses. When the time came to have the announcement cards engraved the president of the society was in a quandary. In what order should he arrange the names? He had never given the matter of social precedence a thought. He referred his troubles to one of the women, and she said decisively:

"They must be arranged alphabetically or you will be in hot water at once."

"But some of these ladies are wives of scientific men who are world renowned and some are simply rich. Some are wives of army and navy officers."

"It makes no difference. In New York society the order of precedence is alphabetical, and there is no other rule."—New York Sun.

Generous to the Church.

Lady Dorothy Nevill in her reminiscences tells this story of George Payne, who dropped his worldly means in the quicksands of the turf, but was always unruffled and pleasant in conversation: "'Are you not coming to church, Mr. Payne?' was on one occasion the stern interrogation of his hostess, a very great lady, who descended upon him in all the severity of her Sabbath panoply. 'No, duchess, I am not,' he replied making swiftly for the door; but, pausing as he got quite afterthought provided to his exit, he exclaimed, with marked emphasis, 'not that I see any harm in it.'"

Early Beds.

The beds of the ancients were piles of skins. The first beds resembling those used in modern times were made of rushes and later of straw. The use of feathers in making beds has been attributed to the Romans, and Elagabalus (Heliogabalus) is said to have used an air cushion for a pillow in 218. Air beds were frequently used during the sixteenth century. Feather beds were largely used during the reign of Henry VIII. of England.

Vermont's Two Seasons.

One winter when "Candidus Stevens had come back to his Vermont home he was the victim of a severe cold and could not leave the house for many weeks. One of his callers was Lewis Clark, a man of short stature, who in earlier days had been a playmate of the "Old Commoner" and was a near neighbor of the Stevens family in Peacham. Vermonters began to wear buffalo coats, and as Clark entered at the Stevens home he was lost in a coat which reached to the ground. His whiskers, his ears and face, which had escaped the fingers

"Is that you, Lewis?" asked Mr. Stevens in an incredulous tone.

"Yes, that is," he replied.

"Well, skin yourself and sit down," exclaimed the other.

During the interesting conversation which followed Mr. Clark asked Stevens if he wouldn't come back to his Vermont home and live.

"No," replied Stevens. "You get but two seasons here—winter and hell in the fall."—Harper's Weekly.

The Crocodile's Strong Jaw.

Sir Samuel Baker in his "Wild Beasts" says that the power of the jaws of the crocodile is terrific. On one he had the metal of a large hook of the thickness of ordinary telegraph wire completely bent together, the barbed point being pressed tightly against the shank and rendered useless. This compression was caused by the snap of the jaws when seizing a live duck which he had used as a bait, the hook being fastened beneath one wing. On one occasion he found a fish weighing seventy pounds bitten clean through as if divided by a knife. This, again, was the work of a snap from the jaws of a crocodile. M. Paul Bert once made experiments on the strength of a crocodile's jaws by means of a dynamometer. He found that a crocodile weighing 120 pounds exerted a force of 308 pounds in closing his jaw. The lion has an enormous jaw power. On one occasion an African traveler pushed the butt end of his gun into a lion's mouth, and the pressure of the jaws cracked it as though it had been struck by a steam hammer.

Hog and Boiled Turkey.

"The hog," said a Baltimore judge, "is the greatest animal in the world. Every part of him has a different flavor, and each flavor is better than that of any other animal in the world."

"Better than a terrapin?"

"I don't call a terrapin an animal. The terrapin is a creation. But, to return to the hog, all of him is good, from his tail to his front feet. Chine is a great dish, but it doesn't compare with jowl. Jowl and turnip tops in the spring can be beaten by only one thing, and that is a boiled hen turkey. Nobody but a Yankee or a heathen would roast a hen turkey in the spring. Hen turkeys are fat before they lay, and the flavor is delicious. Properly cooked and served, such a dish is fit for kings, and nations have gone to war for less cause."—Baltimore News.

An Anatomical Puzzle.

Behind the bridge of your nose is a little cavity in the skull, the origin of which appears to be unknown. It probably was a gland, consisting of two tiny lobes, joined together, and is named the Sella turcica. Physiologists believe that this is the remains of a sixth sense, which was of practical value to our antediluvian ancestors, but whether it enabled them to see in the dark in days before they possessed fire or helped them to find their way through trackless forests as wild beasts can today or what other purpose it may have served we do not know and probably never shall know.

The Prize Cow.

Take for yourself a well bred cow, get her on full feed, cram and feed and stuff and cram her for, say, a year. Go to the trouble of washing and currying and scrubbing and combing her twice a day, get down on your knees, my friend, sandpaper her hoofs, groom her hair, polish her horns and brush her tail, and by the time show season comes around you should have a very creditable looking show cow.—Sheridan (Mo.) Advance.

Love is intoxicating, it is said. What a good thing it is that marriage has a tendency to sober a man.—Terrell (Tex.) Transcript.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.

BEE'S LAXATIVE.

No Opiates. Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.

CONTAINING HONEY AND TAR

All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

A Safe and Sure Cough Cure.

Kemp's Balsam

Does not contain Opium, Morphine, or any other narcotic or "habit-forming" drug.

There is no Narcotic in Kemp's Balsam.

Nothing of a poisonous or harmful character enters into its composition. This clean and pure cough cure cures coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

A 25c. bottle contains 40 doses.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN

PHOTOGRAPHY

Go to GLEASON'S

Everything the latest and up-to-date. The most complete line of picture moulding ever shown in town. 100 varieties to select from. Call and see them.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer, Smethport, Pa.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY TRAPS

The NEWHOUSE TRAP is the best in the world. It is a perfect machine. Hand-fitted! Thoroughly inspected and tested!

The VICTOR TRAP is the only reliable low-priced trap. Don't buy cheap imitations. Be sure the Trap Pan reads as follows:

ASK ANY TRAPPER

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE

Send 25 cents for the Newhouse TRAPPERS' GUIDE. Tells best method of trapping and skinning game. Send to Dept. A, Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER

The only MAGAZINE devoted to the interests of the trapper. Send 10 cents for copy.

A. R. HARDING PUB. CO., Columbus, Ohio

L. K. Hogarth

Has newly decorated and rearranged his drug store and is proud to invite all his old friends and customers and new ones, too, into as handsome and thoroughly equipped a pharmacy as there is to be found in Pennsylvania.

For the holidays he has exclusive and superior lines of

CUT GLASS, PERFUMERY, HAND PAINTED CHINA, STATIONERY HOLIDAY SEALS and BELLS LEATHER GOODS, TOILET ARTICLES, BRUSHES, RUBBER GOODS, Also FINE CANDIES.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

When you buy WELSBACH burners and mantles you know you are getting the very best quality made at most reasonable prices. Try some of them and they are sure to prove satisfactory.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN EXCH. Smethport

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS. FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's Line of Canned Goods are the best. Try a can.

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 7, 1907

THIRTY-EIGHT miners were killed in a mine explosion near Elkins, W. Va., this week.

A MAN in New York longed for a son and became the father of three on one day. He is both hilarious and sober now, has tagged them red, white and blue and notified Roosevelt.

IN the House at Harrisburg yesterday Representative R. P. Habgood of McKean county introduced a bill for the election of a borough solicitor, fixing the term of the office and prescribing the duties.

THE vote by which was defeated the Habgood bill to quit the title of real estate and to enable citizens of the United States and corporations chartered under the laws of the commonwealth and authorized to hold real estate therein; to hold and convey title to real estate which has formerly been held by corporations not authorized by law to hold real estate in Pennsylvania, was reconsidered in the House Tuesday and the bill passed finally over strong opposition.

DESPITE the assurances of the diplomats there seem to be quite a strong disposition on the part of the Japanese to work up sentiment for a war with the United States. The San Francisco affair is used as a pretext. Japan wishes to obtain possession of more territory and the Philippines appeal to it as desirable islands to control. In their military prowess the Japs seem to have an unfailing confidence. They believe they are the champion lightweight fighters of the world.—Bradford Era.

THE Thaw murder trial in New York is attracting the attention of the reading public just at present. After consuming eight days in securing a jury of twelve men, tried and true, the hearing of the case began on Monday morning and since that time much evidence has been given, all of which tends toward proving that Harry K. Thaw was insane through hereditary and mental stress when he shot and killed Stanford White. District Attorney Jerome is fighting every claim and has surprised everybody with the knowledge he possessed concerning mental infirmities, etc. Just what the outcome of this trial will be is hard to conjecture but it certainly is furnishing excellent reading to those who like the sensational.

EIGHT buildings in the center of the business section of Harrisburg were either destroyed or badly damaged by fire, involving a loss of about $1,000,000, last Thursday evening. The Grand Opera House block, in which there were five stores, was totally destroyed. The Grand Opera House was one of the foremost playhouses of Pennsylvania, not so much from a theatrical standpoint as from the part it played in the State's political history. The building began to be used for State conventions almost as soon as it was built, and several governors and numerous other State officers were named by the gatherings which assembled within it. It was the only place for conventions in Harrisburg until the Lyceum theatre was built four years ago.

THE State has no more useful and no more faithful servants than the public school teachers. It is only common justice that some provision in their old age should be made for those who spend their lives in this most useful but poorly paid occupation. The vast majority of teachers who make their profession their life-work are women. To our discredit, be it said, in many parts of the commonwealth especially in the larger cities, women teachers are paid very much less than men teachers for the same service. It is further to our discredit that among the great states of the union Pennsylvania ranks way down in the compensation that it gives its teachers, especially its women teachers. Their pay is so small and the demands upon them so great that it is practically impossible for them to save anything for old age.—Harrisburg Patriot.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2, 1907.

It is practically settled that the President will recommend no additional railroad legislation at the present short session. This decision of the President is hailed with a certain amount of relief by many of the big railroad interests, all of which have their representatives in Congress, but they recognize it distinctly as a reprieve and not a pardon. Effective regulation of the railroads has become too settled a part of the President's policy to be lightly dropped. He has made up his mind to see regulations that will regulate in force before he leaves the White House, and the various reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission and Bureau of Corporations have made it plain enough that such legislation is badly needed. But the times are delicate. The President wants to nominate his own successor, or at least to make sure that some man does not succeed him who will make all of his reforms ineffective by failing to follow them up. He, therefore, is anxious not to antagonize some of the powerful men in Congress upon whom he has to rely in a measure for support. Also such serious legislation as he contemplates cannot in its very nature be enacted hurriedly, and the present short session gives no chance for deliberation.

Among the matters shown to be urgently in need of reform are not only the rates, but the distribution of cars, the relations between the railroads and the grain elevators, the safety of passengers, and perhaps more than all, the intimate and vacious relations between many of the railroads and the Standard Oil Company, so much of whose money is invested in the control of their stock. The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on some of the matters has already been finished. It has given the President food for reflection. He contemplates sending to the Commission a letter fully discussing the railroad problem and asking their views on remedial legislation. This letter is likely to become a historic document. Several conferences have been held already between the President and the Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and it is probable that when legislation finally is recommended it will take more or less the form of the Newlands resolution, which, when it was introduced last spring, was thought to be entirely too radical. This resolution, it may be remembered, provides for Federal control of railroad stock based upon the actual valuation of the roads material resources. It provides, incidentally, for unlimited pooling, if the railroads so elect, but it draws their fangs completely by restricting the amount of interest that may be obtained on their properly appraised stock, devoting the residue to equally distributed taxes and to a sinking fund.

While the question of railroad legislation may be dropped for the present, there is another subject somewhat allied to it, and of equal importance from the President's point of view, which probably will be forced to an issue at this session. It is the passage of an effective land bill which will reserve to the people of the country something like 100,000,000 acres of coal and oil lands, and prevent their absorption by corporations who wish to hold them merely to restrict the output and enhance prices. It is stated that about 4,000,000 acres of these lands from the public domain have already been entered upon, and many of them doubtless are now beyond the reach of the government. Unquestionably there have been gross frauds in many of these coal land cases, and possibly the government will be able to recover a part of what it has already lost. The scheme for withdrawing these lands contemplates holding them in perpetuity in the name of the United States, and leasing them to private parties to be worked and their products sold at a maximum price which shall be fixed by the general government. Senator La Follette has been much interested in such a measure and tried to get through a bill covering these points earlier in the session, but there were certain objections to his measure and it has been side tracked for the present.

In connection with the mineral land program, two vindictive attacks were made upon the President this week, one by Senator Carter of Montana and the other by Senator Heyburn of Idaho. They charged the President with usurpation of authority in establishing forest reserves and with withdrawing coal and mineral lands from entry without the consent of Congress. Senator Heyburn was particularly bitter and declared that the people of the West were guiltless of land frauds in any shape, and that it was an unwarranted attack upon their integrity to even hint at crookedness by withdrawing any of these lands from entry. All this sounded very fine and it was a glowing tribute to the people of the West, but it may be remarked that frauds in land entries are about equally divided between western and eastern capitalists, between whom there seems to be little differences, except in the matter of longitude. Senator Heyburn did not refer to the fact, which must have been known to him, that within the past month an investigation has been made by government experts of land fraud cases, some of them in his own state and some in neighboring parts of the west.

To have beautiful, perfect, pink, velvet-like lips, apply at bedtime a light coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. Then, next morning, notice carefully the effect. Dry, cracked or colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well ill appearing. Dr. Shoop's Green Salve is a soft, creamy, healing ointment, that will quickly correct any skin blemish or ailment. Get a free trial box at our store and be convinced. Large, Glass Jars, 25cts. All dealers.

Wanted—By a prominent monthly magazine, with large, high-class circulation, local representative to look after renewals and increase subscription list in Smethport and vicinity, on a salary basis, with a continuing increase from year to year in the business created. Experience desirable, but not essential. Good opportunity for the right person. Address Publisher, box 59, Station O, New York.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACKUS,
605 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

"Munsing Union Suits" for men, women and children. A necessity for comfo Landholm's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1907,

at 1 p. m. the following several pieces of property:

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the south line Amm street, nine hundred twelve and five-tenths (112.5) feet west of southwest corner of Amm and Florence streets; thence southerly parallel with said Florence street, one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence westerly parallel with said Amm street, thirty-one and twenty-five hundredths (31.25) feet; thence northerly one hundred (100) feet to south line of Amm street; thence easterly along said south line of Amm street, thirty-one and twenty-five one hundredths (31.25) feet to the place of beginning. Being west half (½) Lot No. 138 and east three-quarters (¾) lot No. 137 on Map of Bayne Amm and Reynolds's land as surveyed by George F. Keith, surveyor, June, A. D. 1878. Being the same lot of land as that conveyed by S. G. Bayne et al. to Lindley L. Barrett by deed bearing date the seventeenth day of February A. D. 1881 and recorded in Recorder's office of McKean county, in Deed Book Vol. 0, page 4, &c. subject however to all reservations, conditions, restrictions, &c, contained in the above described deed from S. G. Bayne et al. to Lindley L. Barrett.

Improved and having thereon one, one and a half story frame dwelling house with usual out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Joseph Smallard at the suit of F. Hamilton, now for use of C. S. Morrison.

Mullin & Mullin, plaintiff's attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit:—Being known as lot number eighty-two (82) of the Whitney and Wheeler East Side building lots, as per map and survey of L. Gorton, 1887 and 1889, said map being now on file in the Recorder's office in Smethport, Pa.; in Deed Book 26, page 89 &c. Together with and including so much of Slocum Road marked on said map as crosses said lot 82, making all together a lot of land fifty (50) feet wide by one hundred (100) feet deep. Being the same lot of land conveyed to Levi Berlin by C. E. Judd and wife by deed dated March 18th, 1903, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county at Smethport in Deed Book Vol. 124, page 498, &c.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame building used as a dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Levi Berlin at the suit of The Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association of Bradford, Pa.

C. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 6, 1907.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 4, October Term, 1906

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie M. Stingerland did, on the 4th of June 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Eugene D. Slinger and.

We therefore command you, the said Eugene D. Stingerland, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear at your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas of said county, to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Nellie M. Stingerland and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nellie M. Stingerland, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1907.

J. R. Haughney, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 15, October Term, 1906.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Frank Carpenter did, on the 18th day of July 1906, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Fannie Carpenter.

We therefore command you, the said Fannie Carpenter that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Frank Carpenter and show cause, if any you have, why the said Frank Carpenter, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30 1907.

Gorton & Richmond, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 11, October Term, 1906.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Geba Pettis did, on the 25th of July, 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Willis Pettis.

We therefore command you, the said Willis Pettis that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February 1907, to answer the petition or libel of Geba Pettis and show cause, if any you have, why the said Geba Pettis your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30 1907.

Allan Oyratt, Libellant's Attorney.

Sale's
MAIN STREET

BRADFORD, PA:

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493

Belle Mead Sweets,
Bon Bons and Chocolates

Absolutely Pure. Always Fresh.

60c lb.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Raffaele Grillo, who lately died at Lorain, Ohio, having formerly lived in Butler, Penna., and whose widow and children are now residents of McKean county. All persons having claims against and all persons being indebted to said estate, will present their claims and make payment to, the undersigned Administrator at his office in the Borough of Smethport, McKean county, Penn'a., without delay.

THOMAS H. MORRISON,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., January 9, 1907.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Wanted!

10,000 lbs. Rags at 1c per lb.

ALSO—Old Rubbers, Old Copper Boilers, Old Iron, Lead, Zinc, Old Rope and Bones for the highest cash prices.

Also wanted Hides and Furs of all kinds at the well known junk dealer's,

I. Odesser, East Smethport, Second hand furniture bought and sold. Bargains in

TINWARE GLASSWARE CROCKERY.

Save your rags. My agent, Murray Petteys, or myself will call.

Patronize Home Trade

I. ODESSER,

East Smethport - Penn'a.

DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is absolutely pure coffee.

Digesto is packed in small sterilized bags.

Digesto is the only absolute-pure coffee that can be used without causing dyspepsia or heartburn.

Digesto is the only coffee that you can drink at night without fear of sleeplessness.

Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.

Oh! What a Chance!

A slaughter of Winter Suits and Overcoats. The greatest clothing sacrifice of our lives beginning

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8,
and continuing until
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

You Can't Afford to Miss It.

Men's $20.00 Overcoats going at $14.50.
" $16.00 " " " $10.50.
" $12.50 " " " $ 8.00.
" $10.00 " " " $ 6.50.
Men's $20.00 Suits going at $14.50.
" $15.00 " " " $ 9.00.
" $12.00 " " " $ 8.50.
" $10.00 " " " $ 6.50.

Great reduction in boys suits and overcoats.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

THE MONTHLY STYLE BOOK FREE,

January Clearance Sale

In this I offer all broken lines and odd lots, remaining from my fall and winter business, at cost. All goods sold for cash.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

January 1, 1907.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring,

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan 40c

Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10,20,22,&35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

VALENTINES

Large Display

at

H. C. WELLS.

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

The Great Selling of the Past Two Weeks

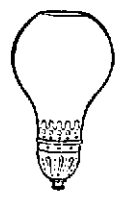
leaves us with many short lengths in Dress Goods, Silks, Flannels, Muslins, Sheetings and Linens and many other odd pieces.

These are spread on tables for you to pick up, and save from 5c to $2 on each piece,

Look Them Over.

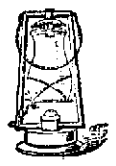
The Lindholm Co.

A Few Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.

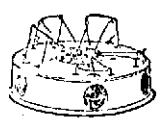


A Welsbach Light complete for **25c**

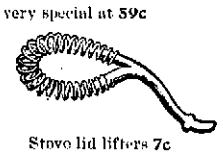
This light consists of burner, mantle and globe.



A 75c lantern No. 2, very special at **59c**



Checker Mouse Traps that sell for 10c. Our price **7c**



Stove lid lifters **7c**

A first class $2.00 razor for **99c**

H. H. REDFIELD

Hamilton Block — Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 7. 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Lent begins next Wednesday.

—Grippe is quite prevalent in the borough.

—See H. C. Wells' new Valentine ad this week.

—B. L. Knapp is confined to the house with illness.

—The Pomona Grange held a meeting at Port Allegany yesterday.

—See "The Blackthorn" at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening.

—Don't overlook the new ad for The Lindholm Company. It is full of interest.

—The Odd Fellows of Port Allegany intend erecting a building in that place this spring.

—The usual advertising space of Fry & Comes is filled this week with shirt waist news.

—H. W. Rubin offers extra bargains in overcoats and suits in his advertisement this week.

—The children of the Colegrove school enjoyed a sleigh ride to this place last Friday afternoon.

—Mrs. H. L. Burlingame of Kasson, formerly of Smethport, has been ill this week with pneumonia.

—Redfield's Hardware is advertising some specials for Friday and Saturday this week. Look the ad up.

—Hon. and Mrs. Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford sailed from New York yesterday for a European trip.

—Holeproof hosiery, the kind that needs no darning for six months, is advertised on this page by Monheimer.

—Dr. F. C. Pierce received word this week that his mother, Mrs. E. M. Pierce of Warren, had suffered a stroke of paralysis.

—The P. H. C. has arranged for a novel program at the meeting next Tuesday evening. Every member is requested to be present.

—The next attractions at the Lyceum are "The Black Thorn," Wednesday, Feb. 13, and "The Lion and the Mouse," Tuesday, Feb. 19.

—Andy Walker, a young man of East Smethport, threw his right shoulder out of joint Monday afternoon while scuffling with a friend.

—F. E. Baldwin of Austin has received a re-appointment as postmaster of that place. Mr. Baldwin is a McKean county "boy" and has many friends in this place and vicinity who are pleased to know he is meeting with success in our neighbor county.

—Gus Serson, a Mt. Jewett glassworker, is to be given a try out with the Detroit baseball team of the American league this season.

—Lester H. Simons and Thomas B. Wilson, two bright young Bradford attorneys, have formed a partnership for the practice of their profession.

—Bradford is having a series of revivals, conducted by an evangelist. There is certainly lots of material to work on in that city—so 'tis said.

—Class 10 of the M. E. Sunday school enjoyed a sleighride to Coryville last night. Upon their return a lunch was served to them in the chapel.

—Mrs. Andrew Reilly is confined to the bed at her home on Franklin street with illness. The friends of this old resident hope for a speedy recovery.

—If the groundhog legend can be depended upon there will be six weeks more of winter as the sun managed to get through the clouds for a few minutes last Saturday.

—The Smethport High School basket ball team will meet the Kane High School team at the Lyceum to-morrow evening. A good game is promised. Admission 25cts., students, 15cts.

—Two young men, Oscar Alinson, aged 19 years, and Fred Bates, aged 21, were found dead in their rooms at Olean Sunday evening. Fumes from an open gas stove were the cause of their death.

—Mr. and Mrs. Leo E. Digel wish to express their heartfelt thanks to all the kind friends and neighbors who so generously lent their aid to them in the time of their sickness and bereavement.

—The Ladies' Bridge Club was pleasantly entertained by Mrs. R. C. Gleason of Mill street Tuesday evening. The members were dressed in fantastic costumes and an enjoyable evening was passed by all.

—Born, to Mrs. Carl Anderson of Bloomster Hollow, Feb. 1, 1907, a girl. Mr. Anderson, father of the child, died at the Bradford hospital about two months ago as the result of an operation for appendicitis.

—Musicians in this borough to the number of 15, held a meeting Sunday and became affiliated with the American Federation of Music. A scale of prices has been made and other necessary business transacted.

—A Jamestown couple have been arrested on the charge of ill-treating their 8-year-old son. If they are guilty of the charges preferred against them they should be severely punished. To ill treat a helpless child is an act of inexcusable inhumanity.—Bradford Era.

—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 12th, the hose boys will hold a dance and supper at hose house. At 5:30 the supper will be served and the price is 35 cents per plate. The tickets to the dance, including luncheon, will be $1. The firemen are good entertainers and a good time may be expected.

—Miss Octavia Raymer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymer of this place, was operated upon for cancer at the Bradford hospital by Dr. G. E. Bennonghoff Tuesday morning. The patient passed through the ordeal as well as could be expected and it is thought that she will ultimately recover.

—One of the largest mortgages ever recorded in this county is being recorded at the court house. The mortgage was given by the Western New York Traction Company, formerly the Olean, Rock City & Bradford street car line, in favor of the Colonial Trust Company and amounts to $5,000,000.

—Postmaster J. C. Gallup has discarded the old lock boxes at the postoffice and installed combination boxes in their stead. Just at present the renters of the boxes are having trouble remembering the combinations but when this is overcome it is thought the new ones will prove more acceptable than the old.

—The high school basket ball team were defeated by the Pah Kah team of Eldred last Saturday evening by a score of 50 to 5. The opponents were older and much larger than the locals and had a walk away. If the boys from the high school expect to win their games they must contest with teams more their weight.

—F. S. Blackman, formerly proprietor of the Port Allegany Argus, and who recently purchased the Olean Ledger, last week acquired possession of the Hayden Printery, an extensive job office at Olean. He will combine the two plants and will have one of the most up-to date and thoroughly equipped printing establishments in the country. Mr. Blackman is a successful printer and the MINER hopes the future may prove even more so to him.

—At the late primary election at Bradford J. S. Fisher and E. Wallace Mullin were tied for the Republican nomination for city assessor. Since the primaries it has been discovered that five votes cast for Mr. Fisher in the Sixth ward had been thrown out by the election board of that ward through a misunderstanding of the new primary laws. These votes have been declared valid by the county commissioners and Mr. Fisher has been made the nominee.

—At last a prosperous printer has been found, but, perhaps it is unnecessary to state, he is not making his money in the printing business. H. S. Ingram, who conducts a job printing office in Bradford, is the lucky man. Mr. Ingram has eight moving-picture shows in various cities and towns throughout this section of the country, and his weekly income is a sum beyond the most avaricious dreams of the average printer or publisher.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—George H. Timmons will be seen in his old character, "Danny Dolan," at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening Feb. 13th. "The Blackthorn" has many years of popularity to its credit and this season is presented in an improved version with a number of new songs and specialties. The drama is a commingling of pathos and humor with plenty of songs and dances. There are several startling scenic sensations, including a fire which is realistically presented. The company has been carefully selected and is said to be the best that has yet been seen in the play.

Some Sensible Advice.

Foolish spending is poverty's father. Do not be ashamed of hard work, says an exchange. Work for the best salary or wages you can get but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow you individually—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear out all you can earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your appetites, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. See that you are proud, too! Let that pride be of the right kind. Be too good to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expense; too proud to be stingy.

Do It Now.

Now is a good time to make arrangements to attend the spring term of the Clarion State Normal. The school was never so prosperous as now. The attendance is large and a fine spirit pervades the student body.

Whatever may be your purpose in your life you cannot afford to neglect the matter of an education. It is unquestionably the best investment that any young man or woman can make.

The Normal school will help you to realize the best that is in you. Clarion offers a variety of courses—teaching, college preparatory, art, stenography, business, music. It has a fine music department and the expenses are exceedingly low. A well equipped Gymnasium gives ample opportunity for physical training. Students over seventeen years of age may attend this school at a cost of less than $3.50 per week. The spring term opens March 26. Drop a postal card to the Principal and ask for information. J. George Becht, Principal, Clarion, Pa.

"Pineules" (non alcoholic) made from resin from our pine forests used for hundreds of years for bladder and kidney diseases. Medicine for thirty days $1. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Get our guarantee coupon from Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Bradford Institute of Osteopathy

Treats all diseases and deformities. Specialties—rheumatism, asthma, liver, stomach, kidney and female troubles. Dr. McClaren is a regular graduate and one of the oldest practitioners. Will pay car fare of out of town patients. Eloskey building, Bradford, Pa.

Nice hand picked apples at store of D. C. Young, 75c bushel.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Rev. J. F. Dugan was in Harrisburg this week.

E. R. Mayo is attending court in Emporium this week.

Miss Gertrude Wendell spent Sunday with relatives in Colegrove.

Mrs. Z. D. Gifford was a visitor in Port Allegany over Sunday.

Mrs. David L. Barr of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town on Monday.

County Commissioner Devlin was in Bradford on business this week.

Mrs. John Blake of Eldred is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mrs. A. L. Ives and daughter of Eldred are visiting relatives in town.

Fuller McClellan of Mt. Jewett was a guest of R. K. Knapp over Sunday.

Mark Pomeroy and Leon Valentine of Port Allegany spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Harry R. Henderson returned Tuesday from a few days' visit in Olean.

Miss Margaret Koenig visited Mr. and Mrs. Leo Koenig in Eldred over Sunday.

Mrs. O. H. Barker and nephew, Merrill Bisett, were Bradford visitors this week.

Miss Jennie Biever, a teacher at Halsey, passed Sunday at her home in this place.

Ed Bates left last Saturday for Eldred where he will be employed in the Kervin glass works.

Mr. and Mrs. Eber C. Dennison of Newerf were guests of relatives in town Monday evening.

T. H. Pancoast attended a meeting of the glass bottle manufacturers held in Buffalo this week.

Miss Bessie Heinemann of Colegrove departed Monday for a several weeks' visit in Porto Rico.

Mrs. Thomas Baban and children of Colegrove were visitors in town the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Charles Folger of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Mrs. B. J. Cummins and infant daughter were guests of Mrs. Cummins' parents in Bradford from Friday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., and Mrs. H. E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y., are guests at the home of Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

Mrs. S. L. Fry left for Jamestown Monday and on Tuesday returned with her mother, Mrs. C. Herzog, who has been ill in that city for several weeks, but is now much improved.

Mrs. J. Risse of Kansas City, and daughter, Mrs. Louis H. Leist of New York City, arrived Tuesday on a visit to Mrs. M. O'Reilly and family. Mrs. Risse is a sister of Mrs. O'Reilly.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Redfield, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, Miss Lois Young, Miss Mabel Camp, Rev. J. H. McCandless and Harry S. Rubin left Tuesday for Syracuse to attend the Redfield-Larned nuptials.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between C. J. Vanblad and Carl Treff, under the firm name of Vanblad & Treff, general blacksmiths, has been dissolved, Carl Treff, retiring. Those having claims against the firm will please present the same at once, and those owing the old firm are requested to settle the same at their earliest convenience.

C. J. VANBLAD,
CARL TREFF.

Smethport, January 22, 1907.

Two days treatment free. Ring's Dyspepsin Tablets for impaired digestion, impure breath, perfect assimulation of food, increased appetite. Do not fail to avail yourself of the above offer. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

For Sale or Rent.

Mrs. Mary Brandt offers her house on King street for sale or rent. For further particulars inquire of

E. L. KEENAN.

Pine Salve Carbolized, acts like a poultice; highly antiseptic, extensively used for eczema, for chapped hands and lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock.

CHARLES LEMMLER.

Bargains in boots and shoes at store of D. C. Young, to reduce stock.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

YOU ARE BUYING THE WRONG

HOSE OR SOX

if you don't buy

Hole-Proof Hosiery

You might as well save yourself the trouble darning hose. Holeproof Hosiery

Need No Darning.

We sell them with the binding guarantee that if a hole develops within 6 months from date of purchase—if darning is necessary—bring 'em back and get new ones free of charge. If this is not plain enough, we will gladly make it plainer, if you will kindly call,

1-2 dz. Ladies Holeproof Hose 2.00
1-2 dz. Men's Holeproof Hose 1.50

A guarantee ticket goes with every pair.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2 — McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

NEW WHITE SHIRT WAISTS.

You are interested in the the 1907 Waists of course—want to see the new ideas, to know what style makers have done for this increasingly ready to wear garment.

We tell you right now this lot is worth coming to see. If you're not ready to buy to-day come any way, we'll be glad to show you through.

They're quite the daintiest lot this store has shown in some time and the values despite advanced cost of materials really surprising.

141 to choose from.

Prices $1.00 to $4.50.

FRY & COMES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Here's a Dandy.

Look at it a minute. It skims all the milk from a whole herd in just a few minutes—skims it clean and just as soon as drawn from the cows. No milk sitting around—no skimming by hand—neither pans, crocks nor cans to wash.

IT'S THE TUBULAR.

It's the Sharples Tubular Cream Separator—and it's a dandy. Notice the waist low supply can and wholly enclosed, entirely self oiling gears. A Dairy Tubular has done 24 years work without repairs and used used only 3 quarts of oil. All Tubulars are just as durable as that one. Drop in and look at it—and get a catalogue.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport, Pa.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Smethport Lyceum

JOHN CLARK, Manager.

Tuesday Evening, February 13, 1906

"THE BLACKTHORN"

A ROLLICKING COMEDY DRAMA

NEW SONGS NEW DANCES NEW SPECIALTIES

Wholesome Fun and Heart Interest.

PRICES - - 25, 35, 50 and 75c

Seats on sale at Wells drug store. "The Lion and the Mouse" Feb. 19.

Butterick Patterns reduced to 10 and 15c. None Higher.

McCoy's Drug Store

Next to Postoffice.

A complete line of Stationery and Office Supplies, including Book Cases and Filing Cabinets.

The Great Unknown

... By ...

Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1898, by Ruby Douglas

"I can't hear you! I won't. I won't, I won't! Anyway, I wouldn't have you if you were made of diamonds and white sugar!" Nora cried saucily, sticking her fingers in her ears, but not very deep.

Her suitor, Calvin Burrows, Esq., laughed heartily.

"Don't you think you'd accept me if I got myself made over into a Christmas card?" he asked, his eyes twinkling.

Nora turned her back to him.

"Some people are pigs for obstinacy—yes, pigs—and blinder than moles into the bargain. They never can see when their room is better than their company."

"Dear me! How distressing!" Burrows said equably. He had a notion that he had brought Nora up, and so knew everything about her. "I know whom you mean," he ran on. "It's that tiresome ninny Jimmy Dolan. Next time he comes and tries to wear out his welcome you have Hannah blow the horn for me."

Nora laughed in spite of herself.

"Jimmy Dolan is never tiresome. He knows things to talk about—news and funny things—and even books. You sit mum-chance half the time. When a man has nothing to talk about, don't you think he had better go home?"

"And leave the prettiest little girl in the county all by her lonesome? Not much," Burrows said, reaching toward his pipe pocket.

Nora eyed him with fresh disdain.

"You're a regular chimney," she said. "What i the saying about smoking chimneys?"

"Oh, it goes on to mention scolding wives!" Burrows interrupted. He had by this time filled the pipe and was crowding the tobacco well down in the bowl. When it was packed to suit him he lit it, puffed once or twice, then stood up, faced the door and said; "I shall have the paper with the birds put on the parlor, Nora, and that pink flowered pattern in the halls. I think that's what you said you'd like best?" pausing with his hand on the knob, his lids downcast, but a veiled twinkle behind them.

"You know I said no such thing. If you go and buy those taggy green birds, I'll never set foot in your new house—not while they're on the walls," Nora burst out. "And pink roses in a hall! My heavens! That's just like a man. It's nothing to me—nothing in the world—but I do hate to see good money wasted, so I'm going with you to town and pick out something decent."

"I'm obliged to you; so will my wife be," Burrows said civilly, turning back to her. He had the look of one pondering a new and strange idea, but came out of his daze quickly and said, with a good humored smile: "Nora, I've thought all along you were in fun; that after awhile you'd agree with me; that you might as well take me. But today you've shown me better. I don't deny it hurts to admit it, but then I'm not the sort to whine. So let's make a bargain, right here and now—you help me fix my house up so any other girl will be glad to take me for it, and I'll do my very best to bring Aunt Rena round about Jimmy Dolan. Jimmy is not such a bad sort. The worst that can be said is that there isn't much to him. That won't matter in the least seeing he has money enough to insure rations for two. You—any girl—might do a lot worse than to take him."

"Why, you've said many a time the reason—he was no worse was that he hadn't sense enough," Nora broke in.

Burrows gave her a quick look, but went on steadily: "Maybe I did; but, then, you must allow something for jealousy. I was jealous of Jimmy, but I am not any more. The case stands just thus: You won't have me, not for anything I can say or do or be, and a wife I'm bound to have. It's dead lonesome living on a big place in a new house all by yourself. But I have got to get out of living by myself, and you must help me. Women know each other as men never can. Tomorrow morning I'll come over bright and early, and as we drive to town you can tell me who is worth having and where is my best chance."

Nora stared at him hard. In all her life Burrows had never made one-half so long a speech to her. After he went she was quiet for a full hour. She had teased and tyrannized over and flouted him so long, so merrily, it gave her a start to think the occupation was soon to be definitely gone. By way of getting over the shock she ran to her room and spent the interval before supper in trying on her prettiest frocks and combing her hair three ways. She wound up by choosing a blue linen, two years old, yet Burrows' especial admiration. She also decided to wear her hair loosely waved about her face. Burrows had said it was a sin to strain it back in a set pompadour. Naturally when she stepped into his buggy she was a vision of delight—at least to his unworldly yet rather prosaic eyes.

But he did not tell her so. Indeed, the conversation was for the first mile or two decidedly fragmentary. Then there fell absolute silence while the black span went a stepping pace over a long level stretch. It ended at a sharp rise. Burrows reined in as they came to it and spoke to the horses in a soft, regretful voice. "They know who's behind them most as well as I do," he said to Nora. "Poor lassies! To think they'll soon have to be taking some one else to town!"

"Who?" Nora said crossly. "Of course you know. That was all make believe, your wanting me or wanting me to tell you things. You wouldn't heed a word I'd say. I know men—oh, a whole lot better than they know themselves!"

"No doubt. That's a woman's privilege," Burrows said, smiling. "But I really have not made up my mind. There are six girls, any of whom would do mighty well. Trouble is—will any of the six have me? I doubt it."

"I don't, not the least. Girls are crazy to marry—that is, the most of them," Nora interjected, then suddenly flushing. "But tell me who they are—that is, if I know them. You may be meaning some strange bodies I never heard of."

"There is one you don't know, so I shan't name her." Burrows said, with a crafty smile. "Suppose I name them alphabetically. What would you say to Miss Alice Bane?"

"She shan't have you. She's a cat! I hate her," Nora said suddenly, sitting very upright. Burrows looked properly humbled. "How about Cora Eton?" he asked. Nora almost stamped her foot. "She's pretty enough, but the greatest gabby." To this Burrows answered only with an inaudible chuckle, and for at least two minutes there was no sound but the rataplan of hoofs. Then Nora broke out: "I know Elfrida Vance is on your list. Did you ever eat a pie she made? I did—once. It almost killed me. If you take Elfrida I shall think you want to commit suicide."

"By-by, Fridy. Nobody can say that about Susie Moran," Burrows said, with another chuckle, this time out loud. Nora shot a glance at him and shrugged her shoulders, saying; "No, but if I wanted a pincushion I'd buy it rather than marry it. In five years Susie Moran will be a perfect lump—worse than her mother, and she's bad enough, dear knows."

"See here! This is getting serious. You are bent on making me take the girl you don't know," Burrows said.

Nora nodded.

"Tell me what she's like," she said. "But, of course, you think she's an angel."

"I do not. She's far from it," Burrows protested. "In fact, that's just what she particularly is not. She's not exactly pretty either. I should call her rather winsome. She'll lead some man a dance—whoever is lucky enough to get her—but the getting is going to be mighty well worth while."

"Is she tall?" Nora asked.

Burrows shook his head, saying:

"Just your height."

Nora looked thoughtful a minute. "What sort of eyes and hair?" she demanded next. Burrows looked puzzled. "Her hair is—oh, I don't just know—brown sometimes and sometimes yellowy—and her eyes are all sorts of blue, except the cold light blue that makes you creepy. I can't describe her—nobody can—but she's a toast wherever she goes."

"You'll be jealous," Nora said, looking away and biting her lips.

Again Burrows shook his head.

"She's the sort to be trusted," he said. "I wish you could see her. Then you'd understand."

"You are an unfeeling wretch, pretending you wanted advice, even pretending so long that you wanted me," Nora cried, "when you've been in love with this creature! Why can't I ever see her? I know she is as bad as any of the rest, but I want to prove it."

"You are right. I have loved her, oh, for ages!" Burrows said. "But you can't see her, nor, I'm afraid, ever know her well, because, you see, she is—yourself."

"Oh!" Nora said, looking straight ahead for a minute. When she began to speak again it was all about wall paper. Needless to say, the new Burrows house was finished entirely to her liking.

The relief of coughs and colds through laxative influence, originated with Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup containing honey and tar, a cough syrup containing no opiates or poison, which is extensively sold. Secure a bottle at once, obtain a guarantee coupon and if not fully satisfied with results, your money will be refunded. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Opal Superstition.

The world is full of superstition, and one of the worst is that the opal is "unlucky." This superstition arose when the "black death" swept Europe. At that time the opal was very popular, and some noticed that when a victim of the disease was dying the opal on the finger brightened and when he was dead it became dull. Of course this took the popular fancy, and at once opals became "unlucky" and have remained so ever since. Very likely they do not change at all on the fingers of a dying person, and the whole matter is like that question which once caused so much discussion in the scientific world i. e., why is it that when you put a fish in a bowl of water the weight of the bowl of water is not increased? Many learned answers were given, but finally one duffer weighed a bowl of water with and without the fish in it and thus settled the matter.

Dangerous Good Measure.

A well to do elderly gentleman living in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia is known in the neighborhood as something of a miser and has made himself extremely unpopular with local tradesmen by always pleading for "good measure" and his slowness in settling his bills. Quite recently he was feeling ill and consulted a physician, who wrote him a prescription, which he took to a drug store near his home to have filled. "Be sure and let me have good measure, won't you, Mr. Blank?" said he, with his customary smirk, and a broad smile came over the face of the druggist as he read the prescription. "For once," he replied, "I would be glad to do it if I dared, for if I put in one grain more than this prescription calls for you would be dead in five minutes."—Philadelphia Record.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

LOVE CHARMS.

Some of the Queer Superstitions That Live in Sicily.

The love charms of Sicily are many and curious. One, very popular and considered very powerful, is to put into an eggshell a few drops of the blood of the loving lover. The shell is exposed to the sun for three days and to the dew for three nights. It is then placed on hot ashes until calcined when the whole is reduced to a fine powder and administered secretly in a cup of coffee or a glass of wine to the object of affection.

Another charm is for the witch to undress at midnight and tie her clothes up in a bundle which she places on her head. Then, kneeling in the center of her room, she pronounces an incantation, at the end of which she shakes her head. If the bundle falls in front of her, it is a good sign; should it fall behind her, the charm will not avail.

Yet another is worked in the following manner: Pieces of green, red and white ribbon are purchased in three different shops, the name of the person to be charmed being repeated mentally each time. The shopkeeper must be paid with the left hand, the ribbon being received in the right. When all the pieces are bought they are taken to a witch, who sets out to find the person to be charmed. On finding him or her the witch matters to herself, "With these ribbons I bind you to such a one." Then she returns the ribbons to the purchaser, who ties them beneath his or her left knee and wears them at church.—Macmillan's.

DIED A BEGGAR.

The Pathetic Career of John Stow, the English Antiquary.

John Stow, the celebrated English antiquary, was a remarkable man. He was born of poor parents about 1527 and brought up to the tailor's trade. For forty years his life was passed among needles and thread, but in the few leisure hours which his trade allowed him he had always been a fond reader of legends, chronicles, histories and all that told of the times that were past. By such reading he grew to be so attached to old memoirs that when about forty years of age he threw down his needle, devoted himself to collecting them and followed his new profession with the faith and enthusiasm of an apostle. Short of means, he made long journeys afoot to hunt over and ransack colleges and monasteries, and, no matter how worn and torn might be the rags of old papers which he found, he kept all, reviewing, connecting, copying, comparing, annotating, with truly wonderful ability and good sense. Arrived at fourscore years and no longer capable of earning a livelihood, he applied to the king, and James I., consenting to his petition, granted to the man who had saved treasures of memoirs for English history the favor of wearing a beggar's garb and asking alms at church doors. In this abject state, forgotten and despised, he died two years later.

From the Bountiful East.

A small proportion of the flora is indigenous. The majority came from the east, like all the great ideas on which our culture is founded, and were developed and improved on this classic soil. Italy received the lemon and the orange from the Semites, who in their turn had obtained them from India. The olive, the fig, the vine and the palm were grown by the Semites long before their cultivation penetrated to the west. The laurel and myrtle, indeed, are indigenous in Italy, but their use for ceremonial purposes came across the Mediterranean from the east. The home of the cypress is not in Italy, but in the Greek archipelago, northern Persia, Cilicia and Lebanon.—From Strasburger's "Riviera."

The Difference.

Small Boy—Pa, what is the difference between a pessimist and an optimist? Pa—Well, let me see if I can illustrate. You know I am often discouraged, and things don't look to me as if they'd ever go right. Well, at such times I can be said to be a pessimist. But years ago, when I was a young man, everything looked bright and rosy, and I was always hopeful. Then I was an optimist. Now, my son, can you understand the difference between a pessimist and an optimist? Small Boy—Oh, yes; one is married and the other isn't.—Harper's Weekly.

Cause of His Joy.

"What are you looking so happy over, old man?"

"I am rejoicing over the birth of twins."

"Great Scott! I congratulate you!"

"Don't congratulate me. Go and congratulate Evans. He's the lucky man. I never did like him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Stole His Livelihood.

Tattered Timothy—I hate doctors. Tiepass Thomas—What for? Tattered Tim—One of 'em cured me o' fits w'en I wuz a kid. Gee, I cud work up some sympathetic crowds if I c'd have one right now!—Cleveland Leader.

She Was the Girl.

The Widower—I've always said that if I married again I should choose a girl who is as good as she is beautiful. Miss Willing—Really, this is very sudden, George, but I accept you, of course.—Pick Me Up.

When money does not talk too much it may properly be termed a modest sum.—Nashville Democrat.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

THE FLAG IN HISTORY

ORIGIN OF NATIONAL EMBLEMS OF THE OLD WORLD.

Joan of Arc and the White Banner of France—The Teleeter of Holland. St. Augustine, the Missionary, Introduced Flags Into England.

The first western sovereign to adopt a flag was Clovis, king of the Franks. After his conversion to Christianity in the fifth century he took the "chape de St. Martin" as his standard. This, according to some writers, was actually part of the cloak which the saintly bishop of Tours cut in two in order to share it with a beggar at Amiens. More credible authorities, however, assert that it was the blue flag of St. Martin's abbey.

After Clovis, the Merovingian kings seem to have returned to the ancient emblems. They were content to fight under eagles, flowers, crosses or the images of saints until the time of Charlemagne, who, if an old mosaic in the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome is to be believed, reintroduced the blue flag embellished with six red roses.

The color of the French flag was changed in 1124, when Louis the Fat carried the red oriflamb of St. Denis in his struggles against the German emperor Henry V. This continued to be the official French flag down to the battle of Agincourt in 1415. In the meantime the blue flag had again made its appearance, now decorated with the fleur-de-lis instead of the roses of Charlemagne. In this form it was carried at Acre and Crecy and Poitiers, until in the fifteenth century it became the banner of France.

The first white flag in French history was the banner of the Virgin Mary borne by Joan of Arc in her heroic campaigns for the defense of the dauphin. A pure white flag was occasionally used by Francis I. in his struggles against the Emperor Charles V., but it did not become the permanent royal banner until Henry IV., the first Bourbon, ascended the throne in 1589.

The tricolor of the French revolution was a compromise. The cockades of the revolutionists were composed of two colors, the red of the Paris commune and the blue of the ancient monarchy. In the troubled times just preceding the deposition and execution of Louis XVI., Lafayette, to signify the desire of the people for a reconciliation with their king, added the Bourbon white to the cockade. The tricolor as a national emblem was adopted by the convention in 1794.

Long before this, however, the tricolor had been the national flag of Holland. The Dutch were in fact the first to use it. When the United Provinces gained their independence from Spain in the sixteenth century, according to a favorite old story which cannot be authenticated, they invited Henry of Navarre to choose their colors, and he suggested orange, blue and white. Whether he selected this combination or not, such were the colors of Holland until some time in the seventeenth century, when the orange was replaced by red. When William of Orange became king of England in 1698 he crossed the channel under the red, white and blue.

The early inhabitants of England, like those of other countries, used emblematic devices of one kind or another, that of the Saxons being a white horse. The introduction of flags into England is ascribed to the missionary St. Augustine and his followers, who after the conversion of King Ethelbert, according to the Venerable Bede, entered Canterbury in procession, chanting and bearing small banners.

Since the fourteenth century the cross of St. George has been the emblem of the British nation. Before that time it was worn on the armor by the crusaders, among whom it came to be known as the "jack." During the bloody civil wars of the fifteenth century it was practically superseded by the roses, white and red, and in 1606 by proclamation of James I. it was finally replaced by a red flag with the jack in the upper inside corner. The red standard of Great Britain did not attain its present form, however, until after the union with Ireland in 1801. By parliamentary enactment in 1801 the present union jack was brought into being by the addition of the cross of St. Patrick.

Waving flags are said to have been first brought to Spain by the Saracens. The present Spanish colors, red and yellow, came from the old shields of Castile and Aragon.

The Austrian black and yellow were the colors of the Holy Roman Empire. They were adopted, so the story goes, by Frederick Barbarossa, whose fancy was captured at a ceremony in Mainz by the black and gold hoarding of the hall.

The crescent was originally the special mark of Constantinople, where for centuries it was used as a Christian symbol. There it was that the Turks first found it when they captured the city in 1453. Even today it may be found side by side with the cross on the churches in Moscow and other Russian cities, where it is used to indicate the Byzantine origin of the Russian faith.—New York Tribune.

The Audience Worse Than the Orator

John Bright was once asked how it was that Pitt made one of his finest speeches after drinking two bottles of port. John Bright was, as usual, equal to the occasion. He pointed out that verbatim reporting was unknown in those days, and he suggested that the other members of the house, on whose opinion Pitt's reputation largely depended, had probably drunk three bottles.

We live by reposing trust in each other.—Pliny.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Oysters

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

A SPIDER FIGHT.

It Was a Fast and Furious Battle to the Death.

I once had a spider pet of a kind the books enabled me to identify. He was a fine big fellow. I caught him in the garden, carried him home, and for nearly two months he and I took a close interest in each other, he for the flies I introduced to him and I for the amusement he introduced to me. I kept him in a milliner's box, letting him out when I visited him, especially delighting myself with allowing him to drop from one hand by his fine spun thread and then either catching him in the other or gently compelling him to climb back again by apparently eating his own ladder.

One day I captured another spider of the same species. I kept him for a few days in a separate box, and then with the kindly idea of companionship I introduced him to Tiger. I have seen dogs fight; I have seen chanticleer fight and slay his man; I have seen rams fight till, with his skull crushed in, one lay dead at the feet of the other; I have seen men fight but the fullest sense I ever realized of mad, murderous passion let ungovernably loose, centered in one destroying aim and summoning every physical energy to its devilish service. I realized when those two spiders rushed to mortal combat. I stood in boyish terror as their tangled legs dropped off, torn by mutual rage; and as with vicious dexterity they struck each other with their poisoned fangs, aiding for their own destruction the weapons and appliances with which nature has provided them for the capture and slaughter of their prey, I visibly turned pale.

Tiger was the victor, but even while with brutal wrath, all mangled as he was, he bit and spurned his dead and limbless foe he was seized with symptoms I took to be paralytic, and in a minute or two I helped him to his death. And this fearless gladiator was afraid of, I remember, and never would tackle a big bluebottle fly. What is courage?—Dundee Advertiser.

SUGAR MAKING.

The Hindoos Probably Learned the Art From the Chinese.

The Chinese, who invented almost everything before anybody else heard of it, claim to be the original discoverers of the process of sugar making, and it is said that sugar was used in China as long ago as 3,000 years. This is misty, but the fact is well established that it was manufactured in China under the Tsin dynasty 200 years at least before the Christian era began.

India has put forward a claim for priority of invention, but the probability is that the Hindoos learned the art of sugar making from the Chinese and that through them the knowledge finally spread to the western nations. Nearchus, when sent by Alexander on an exploring voyage on the Indus, brought back reports of "honey" which was made by the Asiatics from cane without the help of bees.

At this time neither the Greeks nor the Jews nor the Babylonians had any knowledge of sugar, but later the art of making the artificial "honey" became known and practiced, though its progress and development were exceedingly slow. It was prescribed as a medicine by Galen in A. D. 150, and up to the seventeenth century it had become nothing more than a costly luxury, to be used only on special occasions. Even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century the annual consumption of sugar in Great Britain had reached only 20,000,000 pounds, whereas it is now more than 2,000,000,000 pounds.

Refined sugar was not made in England till 1659. The art of refining was learned by a Venetian merchant from the Saracens, who sold the secret to him for 100,000 crowns.

A Church Without Services.

There is in London, within a few yards of the beautiful marble arch in Hyde park, a church in which no services are ever held. This church of the Ascension, as it is called, was built by Mrs. Russell Gurney as a memorial to her husband, and she expressly stated that the edifice was to be used for prayer, rest and meditation solely. A handsome building it is, with its tessellated floors and its numerous fine paintings. Over the door is posted this notice, explaining the true object of the church: "Passengers through the busy streets of London, enter this sanctuary for rest and silence and prayer. Let the pictured walls within speak of the past yet ever continuing ways of God with man."

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments, must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the local.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, blood, tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure", as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

(ALL DEALERS)

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bower, Smethport
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. F. Hubgand, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E Bell, mothport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport
Commissioners—Geo Griffiths, Kunel J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Berriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Deming.
Justices—H. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gollup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ivede.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Rungville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 382, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH RIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting, Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 3:30. All are invited. Seats free.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

St. Martin's Summer

By VIRGINIA L. WENTZ

Copyright, 1905, by C. H. Sutcliffe

It was that most gracious season of all the year perhaps—St. Martin's summer—when the spirit of ripeness whiles seems to have fled once more holds the land with its intoxicating breath. The fields were studded with tiny Michaelmas daisies, and the hedgerows were brilliant with early goldenrod, but somehow you fancied you smelled the scent of the roses and mignonette as well.

There was quite a group of people out on the small hotel veranda, and most of them were gossiping. Spinning up the poplar shaded country road was a smart little trap. Across the tennis courts the occupants were plainly visible. They were James Walsh and Mrs. John Burgess.

"I say, girls," cried one of the group on the veranda, "it's a crying shame to let that elderly person cut us out with the richest man we have up here—crying shame, that's what it is! And I don't think any of us has an atom of 'grit' or 'go' or we'd take the wind out of Mrs. Burgess' sails!"

"Why, she must be all of a hundred!" exclaimed another.

"They say that Mr. Walsh knew her years ago. Wonder where he picked her up. In the ark, I guess."

"Oh, my dear, long before that," drawled another mockingly. "Long before Noah's time women had ceased to do their hair in that absurd fashion."

Then the quiet girl with the embroidery on her lap spoke softly:

"She has a lot of hair, anyhow, and it's beautiful, and the way she dresses it suits her features. She reminds me of Albert Durer's Madonna!"—

"Who's that, Miss Tyson?" interrupted a young fellow in tennis flannels, suddenly appearing in the doorway. "Who's Mrs. Durer's Madonna?"

"We were speaking of Mrs. Burgess," answered Miss Tyson without even looking up from her embroidery.

"Madonna? Rubbish!" cried the other girls in concert. "Such a plain, quiet poke of a woman—not a design in the world at that. She's encouraging him terribly."

"You see, Miss Tyson," began Billy, the young chap in flannels, "we get only one or two fair matrimonial catches a season up here. It's a waste of time nowadays to listen to the impecunious ardors of early youth. Consequently"—

Billy's words were ambiguous enough, but the comprehensive little sweep which he made with his glance and sun browned hand, including veranda, girls and all, was inimitably droll. Miss Tyson's gray eyes laughed appreciatively.

They were such nice understanding gray eyes, thought Billy. 'Twas a shame that embroidery should engross so much of their attention. Even now she showed signs of tukfor it up again, and to avoid such a catastrophe Billy proposed a game of tennis.

"All right," said Miss Tyson cheerfully, folding the bit of linen about the tiny hoop and stowing it away in a tiny bag.

* * * * * * *

The fancied likeness between Mrs. John Burgess and the Madonna of Durer was not without some basis. There was, indeed, a similarity in the weary features, more interesting than beautiful, and in the dolorous, somewhat constrained grace of the stately figure.

Mrs. Burgess was a woman of forty-five. Her manner, her aspect, was that of one who had long since ceased wishing to attract. In point of fact, the wish had never been pronounced. Since her husband's death, which had occurred ten years previously, she had never worn a color. It is to be supposed that Mr. Burgess had loved her. His had been her first and only offer of marriage, but in her girlhood her heart had been given to another.

Most people who knew Mrs. John Burgess thought of her as the mother of her children. She had a son in the west who was making great ventures in cattle and horses, and she had a married daughter in Paris who was writing her constantly of her social triumphs and prosperity. Yes, her children were full of their own plans and projects, and once or twice lately Mrs. Burgess had been a bit surprised to find herself feeling a little lonely and forgotten—a chill presage of the autumn winds of life. Her summer, indeed, had flown.

Then, just at the correct psychological moment, he came—the man to whom, as a girl, she had given her heart.

Ah, where were the chill autumn winds now? It was St. Martin's summer instead!

James Walsh was a middle aged, portly rich man and a widower. He had married somewhat early in his career a noted beauty. A fortnight of wedlock had convinced him that he and his bride had not a single taste in common; but, being a businesslike man, on his return from his tour de noce he'd sized the matter up in this practical fashion:

"'Twas the pink chiffon dress at the Van Duyers' ball which was responsible. Only, why wasn't it"— But the "why wasn't it" in this case hadn't worn a pink chiffon dress, nor had she been at the Van Duyers' ball.

Mr. Walsh had been a widower now for three years, and he still sighed with a half abashed sense of relief.

"No more matrimonial ventures for me," he'd say to himself, with a laugh, although he had reason to believe that he could lay successful siege to several feminine hearts—that he was still quite capable of victory.

He had been spending August alone up in the mountains, and he had enjoyed a month of fishing, tramping and dreaming to his heart's content. On his way home he'd stop for a week or two at a certain little hotel reported to have good cuisine and rest a strained wrist before going back to business.

Glancing casually over the hotel register, he saw the name of Mrs. John Burgess. There arose in the man's breast a curious sensation, but he pulled himself together.

"How absurd!" he upbraided himself as he walked away from the desk. "As if there were not hundreds of John Burgesses. Why, I might even have coaxed myself into believing that I remembered her handwriting."

An hour or so later, however, he met her on the lawn. Their eyes unexpectedly encountered one another.

"Can it be?" cried he, with boyish incredulity. She extended her hand.

"I think it can," she answered, with that little half smile on the corner of her pure lip which he remembered so well.

Mrs. Burgess had escaped the half kittenish challenge of the middle aged woman who will not abjure conquest. She did not move to the shade of the tree nor even open her parasol. She stayed precisely where she was, with a streak of harshly revealing sunlight playing havoc with such loveliness as time had left to her. After awhile the warmth of the sun or some other warmth she knew not of brought into her pale cheeks that glow which James Walsh's first roses had brought, oh, so many years ago.

That night time and again Mr. Walsh drove away the memory of the woman's fleeting half smile, yet it returned to haunt him with all its old sweet allurement. Finally he fell asleep and dreamed of her.

The next morning at breakfast he found himself unaccountably agitated. She was not in the room when he arrived, and all the other boarders, even the pretty young girl with the quiet gray eyes, seemed to him like so many fatheads. What if he had not really seen her yesterday? What if it had all just been in the dream last night? But at last she came, and the beauty of no radiant goddess could have pierced so straight into his breast as did this woman's tired loveliness. In her simple white morning gown she seemed to him the soul of sensitive delicacy and serenity.

He recalled how, being essentially feminine, she always pitied suffering. So now he made his sprained wrist a pretext for being near her. She herself ministered to him, binding it firmly and gently. Her breath, sweet as an infant's, touched his brow. They lunched en tete-a-tete and that afternoon took a drive together in a hired trap.

Mr. Walsh's intended week was prolonged to a fortnight. During that time his eyes followed Mrs. Burgess, and indeed his feet did also, very much more frequently than she herself approved. She thought of her position, her children, of what might be ridiculous in the situation, of the gossip and espionage of the guests. Once or twice she had heard a few scoffings, with a note of mirth, at the devotion of Mr. Walsh, and it had made her supersensitive.

But all of these trivial objections vanished like mist before the sun on the day when he laid his heart bare before her, when he showed her that beneath his apparent prosperity he was hungry—he had always been hungry—for companionship and sympathy.

"And you could make me so happy, oh, so happy, dear, if you would marry me," he was saying as they walked slowly along the road the day before his departure. Her arm lay lightly upon his, her eyes were shining, and there was a warm girlish tint in her pale cheeks.

"Won't you? I need you so!" he pleaded. Just then they were passing a huge willow tree.

Now, veiled and shadowed from the world by the willow's drooping green, sitting on the lush grass were two young people to whom love had just sung its first sweet song. Naturally they'd started a bit when they heard approaching footsteps, but they might have spared the start. Neither of them was observed.

"I always did think Mrs. Burgess was sweet looking, Billy," said Miss Tyson, absently pressing a cool, bending branch of willow across her hot cheek, "but just then she looked positively beautiful."

"Yes, sweetheart," acquiesced the wise Billy. "Why shouldn't she? She's having her St. Martin's summer, you see."

A Little Afraid of Work.

"Did you advertise for a boy, sir?"

"Yes. Have you come in answer to the advertisement?"

"Yes, sir, but I'd like to know first what you mean by saying you want a boy who is not afraid of work."

"It's plain enough, isn't it?"

"P'raps it is, sir, but I should think you'd rather have a boy that was a little afraid of work—just enough afraid of it to catch hold of it and wrestle with it, and down it, and jump on it, and get the best of it, and show it that it won't get a chance to prove too much for him. That's the kind of boy I should think you'd like instead of the kind that isn't afraid of work. Why, I know a boy once who wasn't the least mite afraid of it, and he'd rub up against it, and walk right into the cage where they kept it, and let it eat off his hand, and at the same time never meddle with it enough to soil his finger tips."

"That's enough, young fellow; the job is yours."

SACRED THREADS.

The Cords Worn by the Three Castes of the Hindoos.

The sacred thread of the Brahmans is well known. It is a caste distinction assumed at an early age and never parted with. It must be made by a Brahman and should consist of three strands, each of a different color, forty-eight yards in length, doubled and twisted together twice, the ends tied in knots. It must be worn next the skin, over the left shoulder, hanging down to the thigh on the right side. The three castes of the Hindoos are distinguished by the material of these threads—cotton for the Brahmans, hemp for the warriors and wool for the artisans. The Parsees also wear the sacred thread, and boys of seven or nine are invested with it. The threads used being made always of fibers of the sumi tree. Monier Williams describes the sacred girdle of the Parsees as made of seventy two woollen threads, forming a flat band, which is twined three times around the body and tied in two peculiar knots, the secret of which is known only to the Parsees.

The use of "medicine cords" is common among North American Indians. Mr. Bourke describes those worn by the Apaches. These consist of one, two, three and four strands, to which are attached shells, feathers, beads, rock crystal, sacred green stones and other articles, doubtless employed symbolically.—Chambers' Journal.

THE PARIS CLUBS.

Election in the Most Exclusive Ones Is a Serious Business.

Election to the exclusive clubs of Paris is a very serious business. The proposer and seconder must not only know all about their candidates, but be able to bear witness to their antecedents and even to their forefathers. They must write to all their friends and ask them to support their candidates. When the election takes place, they must not only be in the room, but approach each member individually as he comes to the box of box and ask him for his support.

When the candidate has been elected, he arrives [illegible] as a kind of stranger and [illegible] head. He is then [illegible] by one of his proposers to [illegible] apparently [illegible] at the [illegible] he has [illegible] leave his hat [illegible], but he is still expected to [illegible] with one of the [illegible] be formally introduced. This lasts for a week, by which time he is supposed to know all his colleagues. Count, a foreigner who is extra punctilious and insists on being introduced to every member of the club gains considerably in popularity. —London Saturday Review.

A Puzzled Author.

When Alphonse Daudet brought out "Sappho" an American publishing house that issued religious books, not knowing its character, offered M. Daudet a large sum for advance sheets of the work. He accepted the offer, and the advance sheets were sent. When the publishers received them they decided that they could not issue the book, and they cabled to the author, "'Sappho' will not do." This dispatch puzzled Daudet. He consulted with numbers of friends, and this was the conclusion at which they eventually arrived: "Sappho" in French is spelled with one "p"—"Sapho," after the Greek fashion. In English it is spelled with two. An unusually acute friend pointed this out to Daudet, which much relieved the novelist, and he cabled back to the publishers, "Spell it with two p's." It is needless to state that the publishers were more astonished at Daudet's reply than he had been at their cable dispatch.

Her Head Was Hot.

Lady Dorothy Nevill in her reminiscences tells this story of the two Misses Walpole, her cousins: "On one occasion, when both of the two were well over ninety, Miss Fanny, the younger, who had that day been rather ill, only joined her sister in the sitting room just before dinner. On her arrival downstairs the latter (Miss Charlotte by name) remarked: 'Fanny, I am going to be ill too. I feel so hot about the head. It must be apoplexy.' 'Nothing of the sort!' exclaimed Miss Fanny, making a dash at her sister's head. 'Your cap's on fire, and I'm going to put it out.' And so the brave old thing did."

The First Dancers.

People have danced for thousands of years and will probably continue to do so for ages to come. This custom is of ancient origin. The first people to dance were the Curetes, who adopted dancing as a mark of rejoicing in 1543 B. C. In early times the Greeks combined dancing with the drama, and in 22 B. C. pantomimic dances were introduced on the Roman stage. At the discovery of America the American Indians were holding their religious, martial and social dances.

Daily Duties.

The best part of one's life is the performance of one's daily duties. All higher motives, ideas, conceptions and sentiments in a man's life are of little value if they do not strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.

Woman's Marked Down Age.

Howell—You have a sister older than yourself, I believe? Powell—She was born first, but she isn't older.—New York Press.

A liar is sooner caught than a cripple.—Spanish proverb.

Where Jealousy Won

By FRANK GRANBY

Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham

According to the Barbersville Daily Herald of Thursday afternoon, June 22, two great events had just happened in the town. The Herald was not inclined to sensationalism, but when it announced in headlines four inches deep that the spire of the Baptist church edifice was two inches out of plumb or that a spotted cow showing signs of the rabies had galloped through the long at midnight its readers were bound to sit up and take notice.

The announcements on this occasion ran that Professor Gordon had arrived in town with his wonderful aggregation of wild animals and would stop for some time, giving daily and nightly exhibitions at 10 cents a head, and that a daring burglary had been committed the night previous at the house of Mr. George Fraser, "one of our wealthiest and most esteemed citizens."

Barbersville was duly excited, and the enterprise of the Daily Herald was duly praised. When an enterprising daily paper gets hold of one big thing, it generally follows that another is lying ready at hand. It was so in this case. Another daring burglary followed the first, and, although the announcement was made that the police were active, it had to be admitted that there was no clew. The clew, however, lay in the hands of pretty Jennie Wren, daughter of the widow Wren, but neither she nor any one else knew it at the time. Had the Herald paid strict attention to society events, which it didn't, owing to the fact that its one reporter couldn't spread himself over more than five or six departments at once, something would have been said weeks before concerning the engagement of Miss Wren and George Watson. The latter was the son of the leading grocer of the town and its best catch. After having bestowed his attentions upon various young ladies he had finally and definitely fallen in love with Jennie and asked her hand in marriage.

The Herald could have chronicled this fact and claimed a great beat over all other contemporaries, and then a day days later it could have added that a sudden coolness had arisen between the happy couple. It might even have discovered that this coolness was on account of the fact that young Mr. Watson had met a girl from Boston who was a summer boarder in the town and was trying to get up a flirtation to while away the vacation.

When his fiancee heard that he had stood on the dock with the Boston girl for two hours while she fished and that he had baited her hook, advised her how to hold her fish pole and assisted her to land a dozen sunfish and one sucker she gave him to understand that such conduct could no longer be tolerated. He had said that he liked a girl with a temper. He found that Miss Jennie had one. He stood on his dignity, and she stood on her rights, and so it came to pass that he was seen no more at the house of the widow Wren.

There have been courtships and engagements and marriages without these "tiffs," but they have been few and far between. No matter what your sex or how gray your hair, you like to remember them. The Daily Herald didn't announce that Mr. George Watson and Miss Jennie Wren had said goodby to each other, but they had done so, and an hour later both were wishing they hadn't.

Next morning they were wishing so still more, but then the difficulty of "making up" stared them in the face. She wouldn't write, and he wouldn't call, and how was the thing to be effected? And then he heard that she had taken up with the superintendent of the candy factory, who was an elderly man and a widower, and she learned that he had not only been fishing again with the Boston girl, but had taken her for a row on the lake and was sending her daily boxes of candy.

Meanwhile the burglar was busy every night. The criminal was cute as well as bold. Sometimes it was found that he had entered by a first floor window and then again by a second story. Sometimes it was impossible to tell how he had entered, but he had done his work in a thorough manner. Money and jewelry came first with him. Afterward he gathered up such knicknacks as suited his fancy. A vigilance committee was formed to assist the police, but the robberies went on just the same. Even Professor Gordon, sleeping in the tent which held his world renowned aggregation, was one of the victims. As he slept and dreamed of greater aggregations to come some one robbed him of a hundred dollars in cash.

The six policemen of the town, each of whom was a Vidocq in his own estimation, were simply stunned at the daring of the mysterious criminal. Day by day the Herald came out with the announcement, "Another Daring Burglary—Where Will It End?" but echo answered, "Where?"

Now, it is said that when a woman is jealous she is more jealous than a man. She may not indulge in shooting or throat cutting as often, but this may be because the opportunities do not arise. When two weeks had gone by and Miss Jennie Wren had not heard from George Watson except to his detriment the demon of jealousy was aroused, and she determined that he should find out the penalty of toying with a maiden's heart. She wanted to meet him just once and tell him what she thought of him and then lay a horsewhip over his shoulders. She didn't want to do it in a sensational manner, however. She simply wanted a settlement as between the two of them.

Her small brother bought her the whip of a harness maker, informed her that George was calling at the house where the Boston girl boarded, and one dark evening all was ready. Miss Jennie attended the prayer meeting at the Methodist church first. The same course is recommended to every girl who contemplates horsewhipping a recalcitrant lover. It will soothe and calm and prepare her for the business in hand.

When the prayer meeting was out, the girl with the whip made her way alone for half a mile and practiced all sorts of cuts on the way. She meant to take George at the gate, red handed, as it were. She was surprised to find the house dark and the family apparently gone to bed, but she entered the yard and crouched down behind a bush to make further observations.

Time does not count when a young woman is on a young man's trail. It may be that an hour had passed before Miss Jennie was satisfied that no trick was being played on her. She had just left her bush to make a start for home, rather sorry and rather glad at the same time that she hadn't been afforded an opportunity to wield the horsewhip, when a stalwart figure suddenly stood before her—George Watson, and sneaking around as if ashamed! He had come up as softly as a cat, and, though taken entirely by surprise, she laid on the whip.

At the first blow he leaped back, with a sort of snarl. At the second he sprang forward, with a cry, seized her and threw her over the bush and then disappeared in the darkness.

She screamed, of course. A dozen neighbors and half the police force were routed out, to find the girl in hysterics, and it was half an hour before she could tell her story. About the same time it was found that a nearby house had been burglarized. There were black and blue marks on Miss Jennie's arms where he had seized her, and there was no doubt that she must have been thrown ten feet high to clear the bush.

There was much excitement for the next hour or two and lots more fat copy for the Daily Herald. Then one of the police force named Woodenhead proved that he had been wrongly named for long years. He had been thinking over the catlike approach, the bruises and the strength of the assailant, so he nodded his head and went down to the tent holding the grand aggregation and arrested Professor Gordon and his big chimpanzee. The feet of the latter were found to be covered with the dust of the highway, and buried in the earth under his master's tent was found most of the plunder. The big monkey had not only been used to do tricks to amuse an audience, but to earn dishonest profits for his master. The Daily Herald had a three column account of the affair, but there was one exciting incident that "our reporter" did not secure. It occurred about 9 o'clock in the morning, just as Jennie Wren was recovering her fright. George Watson called at the widow's house, and the door was opened to him by the widow's daughter.

"Well, sir, what is it?" she asked, with her heart in her mouth.

He did a very cool thing in reply. He bent forward and kissed her, and when she tried to draw away he kissed her again, and presently both were explaining and telling how sorry they were and they would never do it again and—

Well, you know how those things go. If you don't, then you have missed a good thing and don't deserve to be told that the happy couple were married in the fall and life went well with them forever after.

Successful After All.

There was not one of Mr. Beal's family who did not try to devise a system of memories for him, from his wife down to his youngest daughter-in-law, but none of the systems proved satisfactory. It was his wife's idea to tie strings on Mr. Beal's fingers, and one afternoon he appeared before his youngest daughter-in-law with the thumb of his left hand wound about with yellow cord.

"Will you give me a cup of tea, Marian, so I shall have strength enough to go home and confess I can't remember what this thumb was tied up for?" he asked ruefully. "I'm getting worse and worse, and I presume my wife is about discouraged with me."

"Why, Father Beal," said the pretty daughter-in-law compassionately, "your thumb is all red. You just let me untie that cord and bathe it with alcohol and water."

"Oh, it's all right!" cried Mr. Beal joyfully. "That was what I was to get. I remember now—alcohol for the chafing dish!"—Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Help It.

A well known Allegheny clergyman recently spoke at a religious service in the penitentiary in Woods Run. He noticed that one of the convicts seemed extraordinarily impressed. After the service he sought him out and continued the good work by remarking:

"My friend, I hope you will profit by my remarks just now and become a new man."

"Indeed I will," was the cheerful reply. "In fact, I promise to you that I will never commit another crime, but will lead an exemplary life to my dying day."

"I am very glad to hear you say that," said the clergyman, "but are you certain you will be able to keep the promise?"

"Oh, yes," said the convict; "I'm in jail for life."—Harper's Weekly.

OLD VIOLINS.

The Best Method of Finding Out Their True Value.

Very often somebody thinks that he or she has a small fortune locked up in a fiddle case. The somebody does not know much about violins, but has heard or read that an old violin is a very valuable thing, and because grandfather happened to leave a violin, to assume duties upon the harp, somebody immediately believes that grandfather's violin is a treasure. As a matter of fact, ninety-nine times out of a hundred grandpa invested in a ten dollar fiddle and played "Suwanee River" and "Annie Laurie." When he bought it the violin was worth $10, but since then it has been depreciating in value at the rate of about 10 cents a year. From the mere fact that most of the varnish is scratched off and there are several cracks in the instrument it does not follow that it is an "old one."

If a violin is good to start with it will improve with age and good care, but, on the other hand, a poor fiddle is not benefited to any extent if it survives a century or two.

Don't judge a violin by the label inside of it. Anybody can copy an old name and date and paste it in. If all the violins bearing a Stradivarius label were his, poor old Antonius would be working yet. More than half of the cheap, worthless violins bear copies of his or some other master's label, and even some real old and good instruments have been passed off as the work of Amati, Guarneri, Maglni and other famous makers.

Any one having a violin with the label of a comparatively unknown maker is likely to be the owner of a more valuable instrument than the person whose fiddle is marked "Antonius Stradivarius."

There is only one way to find out whether or not a violin is living up to its name, and that is to get the judgment of a good dealer. If he tells you that your violin is no good, but still offers to buy it, you may be quite certain that you have a good fiddle. But don't sell it. Take it to some other authority and see what he says, but don't make a bargain. You will hear from him if your violin is genuine, for the supply of valuable ones is small and great rivalry exists among dealers to secure masterpieces.

A great many people have the idea that all the very good instruments are the output of a half dozen old geniuses when the truth is that there are scores of old as well as quite modern makers whose works bring very high prices.—New York Herald.

A FEW WORDS.

Don't say abolishment, for abolition is the perfect word.

Don't say wonderment when wonder will express your meaning.

Don't say "My politics are." Politics is singular in spite of the final s.

Don't say people when you mean persons. People is a collective noun, in the singular number.

Don't say flapdoodle words, for even when properly employed your meaning will not be so clear to the reader as when you use simple words.

Don't say receipt when you mean recipe. The collector to whom you pay money gives you a receipt. A formula for the preparation of food is a recipe.

Don't say surprised when you mean astonished. You may be astonished to find Johnny stealing jam, but he is surprised by you.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Cause For Thanks.

Charles O'Conor once began an after dinner speech in Philadelphia in this way:

"I must confess that I dread to make after dinner speeches. At the most sumptuous dinners, even at such a dinner as this one, if I know that at the end I must make a speech I am nervous, I have no appetite. I find little to admire in the best efforts of the chef. In truth, gentlemen, I can readily imagine Daniel, if he was at all of my mind, heaving a sigh of relief as the lions drew near to devour him—heaving a sigh of relief and murmuring:

"'Well, if there's any after dinner speaking to be done on this occasion, at least it won't be done by me.'"

Gentle Door Taps.

A story of extraordinary deafness was unfolded at a recent meeting of a medical society in Philadelphia. An elderly woman, exceedingly hard of hearing, lived near the river. One afternoon a warship fired a salute of ten guns. The woman, alone in her little house, waited until the booming ceased. Then she smoothed her dress, brushed her hair back in a quaint manner and said sweetly, "Come in."—Argonaut.

The Letter I.

The name of "I" is in Hebrew Jod or Jot, a hand, and the earliest characters representative of the sound closely resemble a hand with but three fingers. Little by little one finger after another dropped off until only the little finger was left, and the letter became the smallest in the alphabet, a jot or tittle, that is, the "I" and its dot being synonymous of the most insignificant things that could be described.

A Joyous Moment.

"There is my last poem," said the young but melancholy contributor.

"Thank the Lord!" replied the dignified editor as he clung to his chair that he might not dance a hornpipe.—Detroit Free Press.

Common Now.

Silver forks are to be used at Rockaway and West Point hotels during the coming summer.—Volume 1, No. 1, New York Morning Herald, May 6, 1835.

Subscribe for The MINER and get all the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.60 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

Croup can positively be stopped in 20 minutes. No vomiting—nothing to sicken or distress your child. A sweet, pleasant, and safe Syrup, called Dr. Shoop's Croup Cure is for Croup alone, remember. It does not claim to cure a dozen ailments. It's for Croup, that's all—sold by all dealers.

If you are Constipated, dull, or bilious, or have a sallow lifeless complexion, try Lax-ets just once to see what they will do for you. Lax-ets are little toothsome Candy tablets—nice to eat, nice in effect. No griping, no pain. Just a gentle laxative effect that is pleasingly desirable.—Handy for the vest pocket or purse, Lax-ets beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents. Sold by all dealers.

COROT'S RUSTIC HABITS.

How the Artist Came to Live the Life of a Peasant.

Corot's father was a little, dry, thin old man, whose correct appearance, precise gestures and short speech were in singular contrast to the geniality and jovial ways of Camille. He was the typical business man. He wished his son to go into business and apprenticed him to a wholesale cloth merchant. Camille, who dreamed only of painting, conceived a violent aversion to commerce and seized every opportunity to escape from the shop and go up to his room to copy drawings. His employer was very dissatisfied with him and complained to his father, who reprimanded him severely. At last one day the young man did not go to business and told his father that he must follow his vocation, even if it brought him misery. Seeing that nothing could alter this decision, "Very well," the father answered. "I will give you 1,200 francs annually—not a centime more—and you will make the best you can of it."

Camille leaped for joy. He immediately made preparations for departure, left home and installed himself in the little hamlet of Morvan, at a farrier's whose numerous family was crowded into the only room, which was the forge. Corot there contracted the habits of the peasantry, which he retained ever after. He had no needs, lived only for his art and found complete happiness in it.

For a long time Corot remained at the farrier's, satisfied with the course food, happy in his liberty and feeling rich with his modest allowance. Endowed with robust health and being jovial by nature, he always sang while he worked, and his gayety never deserted him.

At his father's death Corot found himself possessed of a revenue of 40,000 francs, but this opulence did not change his rustic habits. He continued his simple and laborious life. Always up before dawn, he put on the peasant's clothes that he wore all his life, ate his soup, lit his pipe and with his box in his hand and his easel on his shoulder started for his work, his sonorous voice ringing out joyously.—G. Chardin in Putnam's Monthly.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Do something for somebody, and do it now.

Thinking well doesn't count unless you act well.

Don't follow in the footsteps of your competitors. Set the pace.

Life is not worth living unless you live for the good you can do.

There are times when an ounce of ingenuity discounts a ton of energy.

The more sunshine there is in some men's lives the less hay they make.

No man ever got a pain in his back from carrying his neighbor's burden.

Many of our anticipated pleasures are anything but pleasures after we get them.

Some men are able to bear misfortunes and some others have sense enough to avoid them.

Only a mother can distinguish between the mischievousness of her boy and the badness of the boy next door. —Chicago News.

Kean's Love Drama.

There was little that was romantic in the first meeting of Kean, the great tragedian, and the woman who was to bear his name. It was on the stage of the Cheltenham theater that Charles Kean and Miss Chambers, a pretty young actress, first saw each other. "Who is that shabby little man with the brilliant eyes?" Miss Chambers asked in the hearing of the king of the stage. "And who," Kean retorted by asking aloud, "is that odd little woman?" From this singularly inauspicious opening Kean's love drama proceeded so swiftly that before a month had gone the curtain was rung down at the altar.

The Huns.

The first mention of the Huns in history is in China, B. C. 210. They conquered that country and were afterward driven out by the Celestials and marched clear across Asia, penetrating the country now known as Hungary in 376 A. D. For a time they threatened to overrun the whole of the continent, but were defeated in the heart of France and driven back to the banks of the Danube.

Sincerity.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away, but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has possession of him.—James Russell Lowell.

She'd Keep It.

"But can you keep house?" he asked doubtfully, for he was, above all things, a practical man.

"If you get a house and put it in my name," she replied promptly, "I'll keep it all right enough."

Matters being thus satisfactorily settled, their engagement was announced. —Judge.

Good Reason.

Traveler (to valet)—That's a rather large statue, Pat. Pat—Yes, sor. They tell me the hand is eleven inches wide. Traveler—I wonder why they didn't make it twelve inches? Pat—Because they didn't want to make it into a foot. —London Mail.

Just the One For Him.

Howell—I proposed to a girl last night and was rejected. Powell—You ought to try her again. A girl as sensible as that would make you a good wife.—New York Press.

Too Independent.

Lady—And you say you have been brought to this by your wife? Tramp—Yuss, lidy; I got 'er three good jobs and 'er bloomin' independence lorst 'er the lot.—Punch.

Saving comes too late when you get to the bottom.—Seneca.

A SOURCE OF DISEASE.

Beware the Man Who Blows Smoke Through His Nostrils.

A popular practice of many smokers consists in discharging the smoke inhaled, especially from cigarettes, through the nostrils. This is even considered by some to be essential to the full enjoyment of the flavor of the tobacco.

The London Lancet, while acknowledging that perhaps under ordinary circumstances no harm is done to the smoker save to his sense of smell, has sounded a note of warning against the habit as a possible disseminator of disease. Hay fever and other annoying complaints have been spread through unsuspecting households by the unthinking visitor who habitually blew smoke through his nose.

The surface traversed by the tobacco smoke before issuing from the nose, it is remarked by the Lancet, is moistened with the natural secretion of the mucous membrane lining it, and this secretion is mingled with the fluid discharged from the conjunctival sac protecting the eyes. It therefore contains numerous micro organisms, which, floating in the air, have become attached to the moist and stick surface of the conjunctiva, as well as those which pass over the surface of the nasal membrane. As Tyndall long ago showed, germs are completely filtered off from the air inhaled by the extensive and irregular surfaces presented by the turbinal bones. These germs are carried into the air by the man who blows smoke through his nostrils.

A SENSE OF DIRECTION.

The Prime Requisite For Making a True Woodsman.

A sense of direction I should name as the prime requisite for him who would become a true woodsman, depending on himself rather than on guides. The faculty is largely developed of course by much practice, but it must be inborn. Some men possess it; others do not—just as some men have a mathematical bent, while to others figures are always a despair. It is a sort of extra, having nothing to do with criterions of intelligence or mental development, like the repeater movement in a watch. A highly educated, cultured man may lack it; the roughest possess it. Some who have never been in the woods or mountains acquire in the space of a vacation a fair facility at picking a way, and I have met a few who have spent their lives on the prospect trail and who were still and always would be as helpless as the newest city dweller. It is a gift, a talent. If you have its tiniest germ you can become a traveler of the wide and lonely places. If you have it not you may as well resign yourself to guides.—Stewart Edward White in Outing Magazine.

The Cigar Mouthpiece.

A rich Russian banker had been discovered murdered in his house in St. Petersburg, says a writer in the Green Bag. There was no clew, but in the room there was found a cigar mouthpiece containing part of a cigar of such an expensive kind that it was supposed the banker himself had been smoking it just before the crime had been committed. On close examination the mouthpiece was found to be worn away by the teeth of its owner, but the dead man's teeth did not fit the indentation. The servants were one by one examined, and it was then found that the hollows of the mouthpiece compared exactly to the formation of the front teeth of the cook, to whom no suspicion had been attached. He afterward confessed to the murder.

Ireland's Coast Cliffs.

The finest cliff scenery in the United Kingdom is on the coast of the county of Donegal, at the northwest of Ireland, facing the Atlantic, where the variety and grandeur of the cliffs are most thrilling and impressive. Slieve League, south of Glen Columbkille, is a superb introduction to Donegal's coast splendors. In less than half a mile from the sea the mountain rears its height of nearly 2,000 feet. In the island of Achill, off the west coast of Ireland, the cliffs of Croghan, at Achill Head, rise sheer from the water's edge to the dizzy height of 3,000 feet.—London Standard.

Smoked Glass.

Murphy—Well, this bates the mischief. Dooley tole me that if I shmoked a piece of glass I'd be able to see the spots on the sun. Sure, ain't I fairly kilt wid thrying to make me pipe draw? 'Tis the way, I'm thinking, that either I haven't the right kind of glass or else Dooley's been fooling me. —London Tit-Bits.

Took Wind Out of Their Sails.

Addressing one of his southern audiences, Sam Jones once requested all the husbands present who had not spoken a harsh word to their wives for a month to stand up. He shook hands with those who arose and then introduced them to the rest of the audience as the "twenty-seven biggest liars in Tennessee."

Honesty and Ability.

Uncle—You see honesty is absolutely necessary, but ability is equally indispensable. Nephew—That may be, but what end does honesty serve? Uncle—To maintain your obligations. Nephew—And ability? Uncle—To avoid having them.—Il Mondo Umoristico.

Is Man a Harder Proposition?

Mrs. Benham—The snake tempted Eve first. Benham—Yes, I suppose he wanted to begin on something easy.—New York Press.

Necessary Limitations.

Physician—I would suggest a diet. Patient—Well, it will have to be something that agrees with the cook.—New York Sun.

Counterfeits.

"They bill and coo a good deal."

"That's all a bluff."

"Then you think they are only mock turtledoves?"—Louisville Courier-Journal

Science and Morality.

The true student of the professional or technical school becomes heir to a comprehensive and clear understanding of his duties and responsibilities in his relations to his fellow men and to the community. Those duties and responsibilities present themselves to his trained mind in their real proportion. He is neither nondeveloped nor maldeveloped in his judgment of affairs. His university training, especially in the technical school, has taught him accuracy and penetration in the analysis of any proposition confronting him and that truth and knowledge must be sought with the directness of a plumb line. Science yields nothing but confusion to the shifty, devious and dishonest inquirer. The fundamentals of morality are the very stepping stones to technical success or professional attainment.—Scientific American.

The Hellbender.

"There's no reason why the hellbender shouldn't be good to eat," said a scientist. "Its principal food is the crayfish, the same as the principal food for bass. The hellbender belongs to the same family of amphibians as the frog and is very closely related. Both are hatched from the egg, and both pass through the tadpole stage before reaching maturity. The hellbender is a mighty fine fish, as any one can prove to himself if he will conquer his natural aversion." The hellbender is found principally in streams about the foothills of the Alleghany mountains.

Tolerance in Japan.

Westerners seem to find it inconceivable how the Japanese can maintain allegiance to different creeds at one and the same time. One broad explanation of this is that we as a nation are tolerant in mind, especially in matters pertaining to religion.—Japan Times of Tokyo.

The Wrong Jam.

Haskell—What's Bobby crying for? Mrs. Haskell—Oh, the poor boy caught his finger in the pantry door. Haskell—H'm! He evidently didn't get the jam he was looking for that time. —Pick-Me-Up.

Practical.

"What did she say when she heard he was dead in love with her?"

"She wanted to know if he carried any life insurance."—New York Times

The consciousness of clean lives is of itself a source of moral strength second only to that of a clean conscience. —Phelps.

England's "Fiery Dragons."

In the year 1532 various parts of Great Britain were visited by a remarkable meteorological phenomenon, which the old authors refer to as "the visitation of the fire drakes or dragons." The author of "Contemplation of Mysteries" says: "In ye letter parte of ye yeare (1532) ye fierd dragons appeared flying by flocks or companies in ye ayre, having swines' snowtes, and sometimes were they seene foure hundred flying together." In speaking of the fire dragons in another portion of his work he says, "Common people thinke fire drakes to be spirits which watch over hidden treasure, but the philosophers affirm them to be ye result of poisonous vapors which are spontaneously lighted in ye ayre."

To stop a Cold with "Preventics" is safer than to let run and cure afterwards. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will head off all colds and Grippe, and perhaps save you from Pneumonia or Bronchitis. Preventics are little toothsome candy cold cure tablets selling in 5 cent and 25 cent boxes If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try Preventics. They will surely check the cold, and please you. Sold by all dealers.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the usual place of holding elections in the School District of the Borough of Smethport on Tuesday, Feby. 19, 1907, between the hours of 7 a. m. and 7 p. m., for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the electors of said School District to an increase of its indebtedness.

The amount of the last assessed value of the taxable vote of said District is $270,381, the amount of existing debt is $6,800.

The proposed increase of debt is $4000.00.

The percentage of the proposed increase is 1.6232.

The debt is to be increased for the purpose of enlarging the present school house or building a new one upon the lands now owned by the district or new lands to be purchased for said school district.

Attest: D. C. YOUNG, President.
F. D. GALLUP, Secretary
Smethport, Pa., January 14, 1907.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 145, October Term, 1906

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mira Buston did, on the 8th day of August 1906, prefer her petition to our said judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William Buston.

We therefore command you, the said William Buston, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper pers n before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Mira Buston and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mira Buston, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1907.
W. E. Burdick, Libellant's Attorneys.

The Man Who Works

every day, out in the cold, rough weather—fine, snowy, blowy, rainy, can get protection that protects him against the blasts and sting of winter weather.

Winter is not a supposition, although late in coming, will be here and may stay late.

All we want to do is to impress on your mind for future reference that we have Lambs' Wool Coats, —Fur Gloves, outside and inside—and all the clothing that the outdoor man is liable to want.

Not forgetting that the man who works inside needs work clothes too—that we have.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh,
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE.
Fire and Accident
written by
F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA
Good reliable companies

STATEMENT

Showing the amount of assessed valuation of property in McKean County as returned by the Assessors of the several Townships, Wards and Boroughs, subject to State and County Tax, for the year 1907, with taxes against the same.

TOWNSHIPS, WARDS, AND BOROUGHS.	Valuation of Trades and Occupations	Valuation of Seated Real Estate Taxable	Valuation of Unseated Real Estate Taxable	Valuation of Horses, Mares, Gelddings and over the age of four years	Value of cows and neat cattle over the age of four years	Aggregate amount of all Real Estate for county purposes	Amount of tax assessed	Aggregate amount of money at interest assessed for State purposes, rate 4 mills	Aggregate amount of State tax assessed, 4 mills	Number of dogs and bitches assessed. Dogs $1.00; Bitches $3.00. Dogs	Bitches
Annin Township	$ 4100	$ 94817	$ 18770	$ 5875	$ 4290	$122252	$ 734 11	$ 20894	$ 81 08	111	12
Bradford, 1st Ward	32253	80880		2070		965716	5494 20	144736	578 95	25	
" 2nd Ward	52100	505593		2180	150	560121	3360 73	740171	2960 67	93	8
" 3rd Ward	33310	340340		1385		375135	2250 82	110988	443 95	57	
" 4th Ward	45480	534705		2730	20	582935	3497 97	643417	2581 67	107	1
" 5th Ward	29020	187951		625	50	217246	1285 48	5957	23 82	88	
" 6th Ward	30170	258218		2000	710	288078	1728 17	70478	285 48	100	4
Bradford Township	24080	368032	42018	10865	1710	476005	2760 03	70533	282 09		
Ceres Township	2275	161075	6363	5775	4440	118925	713 57	15163	62 25	101	
Corydon Township	1450	73170	164740	1035	720	241021	1207 93	3050	12 20	31	
Eldred Borough	19125	127470		2325	180	149098	895 81	181702	537 17	59	5
Eldred Township	5995	196374	6234	5505	1150	188228	1129 37	20125	116 50	95	8
Foster Township	21770	272241	84508	7775	6050	393342	1901 05	102421	408 88	132	9
Hamilton Township	9075	89463	122870	2755	1440	235850	1391 82	47088	188 35		
Hamlin Township	16900	172373	50271	4305	2340	255991	1534 16	23749	107 00	153	7
Kane Borough, 1st Ward	10005	79910?		675	90	750277	4510 66	26898	100 59	69	2
" " 2nd Ward	24550	208715		2210	110	1065615	5793 87	119800	470 19	51	5
" " 3rd Ward	16925	071771		4375	90	695101	4170 60	106952	427 80		
" " 4th Ward	18145	476033		1000	150	491188	2947 00	4800	19 40	70	12
Keating Township	25105	275983	52780	21255	6950	412073	2472 14	43102	173 85	107	9
Lafayette Township	18185	140731	74500	5045	1450	240010	1145 46	11505	46 02		
Liberty Township	9725	152810	177718	9425	5050	355097	2133 82	10575	42 30	180	30
Mt. Jewett Borough	15180	166035		2100	440	383755	2302 53	56227	224 95	56	
Norwich Township	5007	93242	58245	1800	1860	699077	4158 46	10789	67 15	83	3
Otto Township	13080	183170	8700	5800	2100	213780	1282 55	21057	84 23		
Port Allegany Borough	27700	327188		3770	1040	359693	2158 10	276744	1102 97	80	4
Sergeant Township	9075	91578	238044	2100	1310	332001	2015 41	18280	70 12	72	3
Smethport Borough	25200	219135		8135	700	248850	1401 30	784285	2937 85	52	5
Wetmore Township	7775	223382	256578	4125	5710	488715	2932 30	18092	72 14	110	2
Totals	$554535	$4807123	$1875043	$181505	$55420	$11423026	$68541 74	$3033977	$14559 80	2016	124

The above statement shows the aggregate value and assessment made by each Assessor in McKean County, for the year 1907, upon property taxable by law for County and State purposes. This statement, made in accordance with the Act of July 27th, 1842, also showing the amount of taxes assessed on each ward, borough and township in said county.

All persons interested are hereby notified that the undersigned Commissioners will sit as a Board of Revision at their office, in the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, on the 6th day of February, 1907, and from day to day by adjournment thereafter, to revise, raise and equalize the valuation of all property which they shall believe to have been assessed too low. After the revision and equalization shall have been completed, due notice will be given of the time and place where appeals may be made to said Commissioners sitting as a board of Revision and Appeal.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.

Notice is hereby give that the Commissioners, sitting as a Board of Revision, will be at the places named below at the time specified for the purpose of listening to appeals from the assessment as revised and equalized.

The Assessors are expected to be in attendance at time of appeal for their respective districts.

Appeals on Military Enrollment will be held on same days at same places.

For Keating Township, March 1st; Norwich and Sergeant Townships, March 2nd, at the Court House, Smethport.

For Kane Borough, 1st and 2nd Wards, March 4th and 5th; for 3rd and 4th Wards, March 6th and 7th, at Kane.

Hamilton Township, March 8th, and Wetmore Township, March 9th, at Kane.

For Hamlin Township, March 11th, and Mt. Jewett Borough, March 12th, at Mt. Jewett.

For Lafayette Township, March 13th, at Mt. Alton.

For Bradford City, 1st and 2nd Wards, March 14th, 1st Ward a. m., 2nd Ward, p. m.; 3rd and 4th Wards, March 15th, 3rd Ward a. m., 4th Ward p. m.; 5th and 6th Wards, March 16th, 5th Ward a. m. 6th Ward p. m., at the City Building.

Bradford Township, March 18th, at City Building, Bradford.

Corydon and Foster Townships, March 19th, Corydon Township a. m., Foster Township p. m., at the City Building, Bradford.

For Eldred Borough, March 20th, at Central Hotel, Eldred.

For Eldred and Ceres Townships, March 21st, Eldred Township a. m., Ceres Township p. m., at Central Hotel, Eldred.

For Otto Township, March 22nd, at Duke House, Duke Center.

For Smethport Borough, March 23rd, at Court House, Smethport.

For Port Allegany Borough, March 25th, at Fort Allegany, City Hall.

For Annin and Liberty Townships, March 26th, Annin Township a. m., Liberty Township p. m., at Port Allegany.

Given under our hands and seal of office at Smethport, Pa., this 5th day of February, 1907.

Attest:
A. B. WALKER,
Clerk.

GEO. GRIFFITHS,
JOHN A. PETERSON,
County Commissioners.

Professional Cards.

ATTORNEYS

Fox, Root & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

S. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa Office connected with long distance telephone E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. E. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 107 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Benninghoff.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women.
Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

DR. PIERCE
TREATS
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.
100 Main St. BRADFORD, PA
Over Fischer's Grocery,

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

HOTELS.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

C. A. BURDICK
Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:
The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.
Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.
C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.